

DEVOT RHAPSODIES:

IN VVHICH,
Is Treated, of the Excellencie of Divine
SCRIPTVRES.

ALSO,

GOD, His { Attributes.
Plurality of Persons.
Absolute Monarchie.

ANGELS, { Good, } Their Power.
Bad, }

How the Bad { Fell.
Tempt Man.

MAN, His { Fall.
Beatitude.

Of

By J: A: RIVERS.

*Hæc omnia Liber Vita (Continet) & Testamentum Altissimi, & agnitio
Veritatis. ECCLES. 44.*

LONDON,

Printed by Thomas Harper, for Daniel Frere, and are to be sold at
his Shop, at the Red Bull in Little Brittain. 1647.

DEVOY

READ PRODIG

IN WHICH

the first of the series

SCALTY V. H. B.

JOHN W. H. B.

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JOHN W. H. B.

To the Reader.



Hy according to the custome of the present, and former ages, I have not dedicated this Poeme to some particuler person, my motive was, because I am engaged to many, and therefore would pay obligations to many: To others though not much knowne, yet to their worth, and vertue, I would give a testimony, and expresse affection, and performe all these more then with a ceremonious letter which though in the choicest words, are like, at least no more then Trajans Wall-flowers, as our Constantine in derision of that Emperours too frequent inscriptions on City wals, gates, and bridges, adagis'd: For whereas the former are but Innes of memory, fame, and affection; written volumes, especially in Greek and Latin (if good) are Mausoleums, Pyramids, constant habitations and dwelling Palaces for fame, love, and gratitude. In adressing the Sermons to particular personages, I did not think much election was necessary, distribution of Poems being like sitting at a round Table, where the placing of the salt makes not the upper end of the Board; and great Augustus by his owne Minions Virgil and Horace, was often saluted after meane Gentlemen of Rome.

Being for many yeares detained in a miserable and chargable Prison, to divert my minde from too serious thoughts of publick and private calamities, made me undertake this employment. The publick griefes were the condition of these lamentable times, wherein our Nation hath imitated that man of whom Gerson the Chancellor of Paris makes mention, that seeing a flie on his friends forehead, with an axe (intending to kill the poore flie) dasht out his unfortunate friends braines; such have been the cares in Civill and Ecclesiasticall affaires; both the Church and Commonwealth being more rent, and distracted by these irreligious, and

To the Reader.

uncivill combustions, both made more diseased and Epidemically sick, by these unnaturall, and desperate remedies.

Private griefes were, that being with diverse noble Gentlemen for six yeares prisoner in a comfortlesse, and chargable Gaale, our meanes of livelihood taken away, our friends impoverished, or altogether undone, by plunderings, sequestrations, compositions, and imprisonments: Notwithstanding, contrary to the Lawes of God, which forbid, Exod. 23. to boyle the Kid in the milke of the Damme; contrary to the Lawes of this Realme, which though severe enough, yet provide, that any may freely relieve, and support any person of our profession being in prison: Contrary to the honour of this Nation, to the dignity of this City, the authority of the Sheriffs, to whose care and charge, this prison is by his Majesty concredited: Contrary to all our hopes, and expectations of the subjects rights, and liberties, the vindication and assertion whereof have by so many Vowes, Covenants, and Declarations, been promised, sworne, and avowed: Finally, contrary to all these Lawes and Titles, which have, and should make Bidentals reverend, and bestow immunity on them; the efficacie and equity of which Lawes Mr. Pym (reputed a great patriot) with such *Enlogiums* exiols, that the sacred Majestie of great Brittaines, (who

Though now in clouds, yet he shall shine more bright,

Then patty Comets, that eclipse his light)

with approbation hath vouchsafed twice to mention them: I say notwithstanding all these Laws, titles, hopes, and expectations, we even in prison have beene diverse times plundered, our bookes, though bought publickly, and allowed to bee sold by authority, as English Bibles, English Chronicles, Grammers, Virgils, and the like, most injuriously (may not I say feloniously?) taken from us, and for monies redeemed, againe with the same violence and injustice retaken by those Harpies of the Common wealth, and for more monies redelivered, though some to this day most unjustly detained.

To the Reader.

detained. Our slender householdstuffs pilfered, our chambers rifled, considerable summes of money (which should have protracted the miserable life of above forty captivated persons) seased on; for want of which, many Gentlemen of birth, & heretofore of quality, have been thrust into the Common Goale, where they, and diverse others in the other severall wards, have dyed in much want and misery. We have made our addresses, if not for justice, yet for compassion, but our mediators & presenters of our petitions (though recti in Curia) were examined, if they were not of our profession; and being threatned as Malignants, have been deterred from further prosecution in our behalfe, and so all supplications, and expectations have been rendred fruitlesse.

'Tis one of Senecas Gnomicall, and commended distributions, that Magna pars vitæ elabitur malè agentibus, maxima nihil agentibus, tota aliud agentibus: By which division (if right) my writing this Poem may be censur'd: Howsoever, I may professe some part of my study and care, in the prosecution of it, hath been as to offend no Religion, so no Person: and therefore my hopes are that no particuler will proclaime himselfe so much faulty, as being not accused, he will take exceptions.

Some faults escaped in the printing, may be to amended.

Page 1. for seald, read sealed. p. 3. for history, r. histories. p. 7. for silly prophane, r. since prophaner. p. 10 for living, r. lining. p. 12. for weapon, r. weapons p. 24. for know, r. knew. p. 28. for alterations, r. altercations. p. 36. for God, r. good p. 57. for before, r. fore. p. 6. for precious stones, r. pibble stons.

To his honoured Friend, Mr. Rivers,
Upon his Holy Rhapsodies.

V Ho's this? who like the rosy-singred Morn,
Is thus from Mountaine unto Mountaine borne:
Whose mystick locks charg'd with the drops of nights,
On us below hurle beames inrich't with lights?
Is it that soule, which having Jordan past,
Pure Jordan, made such an ambitious hast
To passe like Israel through the bloody maine,
In hope another Baptisme to obtaine?
It is the same, whose Rhapsodies unfold,
Sweet Raptures, Raptures which in cups of gold,
To us Celestiall Constellations hold.
Would all thus Poetize, who would refuse,
To celebrate the straines of such a Muse?

George Fortescue,

To his honoured Friend, Mr. Rivers,
upon his excellent Poemes, the Devout
Rhapsodies.

Mysterious Rivers, whose each sacred lyne,
Shewes that thy Muse is absolute Divine;
And cannot with impurity be stain'd,
Or with obscene conceptions be propain'd.
But in Meanders, holy turnes, and windes,
Delightfull to thine owne, and Readers mindes.
He that will give thee a deserved praise,
Must crowne thy head with groves, not boughes of bayes.

James Yate.

To

To my much honoured and Candid
Friend, Mr. *Abbot. alias Rivers*, upon
his Devout Rhapsodies.

VV As thy Quill made oth' t'owring Eagles wing,
Who soaring in the bosome of his King,
Saw what was done in Heaven? straight thence descends,
And sings our Churches lot, and state of Fiends.
Thy Poeme speakes all these, which I reade ore,
With wonder and delight, but which was more,
I know not of these two, and dare proclaime,
Who understand it, will commend the same.
Nor doe I envy it, because 'tis thine,
Yet were vovves potent; I could wish it mine.

Ad eundem Decasticon.

Q Uale tuum pectus, quæ Mæsa humana superna,
Dum pariter lustrans, Tartareasque domus?
Cælicolas cantat cives, ipsumque sedentem,
In folio Dominum; Terrigenasque Deos.
(Hinc amor invitat justos ad præmia terret,
(Dum legitur) sceleri debita, pena malos.)
Sed benè cum cantas hæc omnia; sperne quid ausint,
In Librum Rabies invida, tempus redax.
Scilicet hæc Thamefis, resonabunt carmina Ripæ,
Dum placido Thamefis, murmure Lympha fluit.

George Cox.

To

o my worthy, and learned Friend,
Mr. Rivers, after the reading of his
Religious Rhapsodies.

THat thou in noblest straines of Poësie,
Do'st teach the myst'ries of Theologie:
And raisest humane soules from sordid earth,
Up to that blest place, whence they take their breath.
I leave to them whose learned spirits know,
How best their knowledge, and thy praise to show.
And onely saying, I the Work admire,
Wish that all those who Christian bayes desire,
With just attention, and cleare sight would looke,
Each houre, or day, on thy sweet, mystick booke:
So they, reform'd by vertue of thy Muse,
No more shall Wit, and Poësie abuse.

John Chapperline.

To my deare Friend, Mr. Rivers, upon
his Rhapsodies.

How often write I Verses? often teare
My Verses? stil imagining they were,
Unworthy thy brave Muse? begin againe:
And search in every corner of my braine?
Barraine; I bite my Pen; my servants rate,
When the fault lies not in them, but my Pate.
Shall I who have so many Verses writ,
In every Theme imployd my active wit;
And having promis'd Verses, not performe
What I have promis'd? here againe I storme,
Yet reassume my Quill: write: All men know;
That to my noble Friend I Verses owe:
Protest against my selfe, so great's the summe,
Of thy due praise, my Muse is banquerout, Dumbe.

H. W.

DEVOUT RHAPSODIES.

To the Right Honourable, *Philip*
Herbert, Earle of Pembroke and Mont-
gomerie; And to the Lord *Philip*
Herbert his Son.

Liber Primus.

Sermo Primus.

The Argument.

As branches doe the Roote, Rivers obey
The Ocean, smaller lines their tribute pay,
And homage to the Centre, as the Sreames
Shot from the Sun confesse themselves his Beames;
So must all Authours, all prescriptions fall
Vnto the scripture as Originall.
Wrangling Philosophers may boast,
The Scriptures only speake the Holy Ghost.
Their Schooles decay, what's grounded on our Texts
Shall flourish, maugre Gentilisme, and Sects.



Ur sacred Volumes are the seald springs, (things *Cant. 4.*
Where choicest Nymphs, as they of heavenly
Sing ditties, bath themselves: from the white
Of Liban issues this perennall Fount, (Mount
Which

St. Aug.

Which proves an Ocean where the silly sheepe
May wade securely, yet the same's so deepe,
The Elephant may swim, and if he range
Too far be swallowed in the Gulfe: so strange
And perilous are these streames. Was not a Wave,
Nestorius venturde on Nestorius grave?
And did not Arrius perish in these seas,
Whilst he durst saile midst the profundities.
And wanted a sure Pilot: What Saint Paul
Hath preach'd and writ to instruct and save us all,
Turnes to the ruine of illiterate men,
As they pervert the meaning of his pen.

3 Pet. 3.

Prov. 25.

Who prie too neerely into Majesty,
Strucke purblinde by the raies of glory die.

4 Reg. 5.

'Tis true: Pharphar and Abana are streames:
Of Syria; but if leprous Naaman dreames,
Theile clense his spots he erres, and must obey
The Prophet, and to Jordan take his way:
There glide the waters which he washing in,
Shall cure his leprousie, and clense his skin.
Poems must from this Chrystall Torrent spring,
Else theyle, as did those bitter waters bring
Diseases to the Drinker. Wanton bookes,
Hurt soules, as did the bodie Maras brookes,
Like dangerous Basiliskes a passage finde
To dart their poyson at the inveigled minde.

Exod. 15.

What? Are our Rills drunke up? Our fountains dry?
That wee must to such dirty puddles fly,
First shall no Tapers grace the spangled heaven,
The rough Alps lye as the smooth Vallies even:
Ere who are conversant in sacred writ,
Shall faile of Themes to exercise their wit.
Are not the Fire, the Aire, the Earth, the Seas,
The Spheres, the Saints, th' Angels above all these,
A still supplying Subject? then to wade
In the Divine Ideas whence God made
Of nothing every thing, and with one word,
Could existence to all he made afford.

Gen. 1.

The

The Birth, the Infancy of this Vast Frame,
Increase, decrease, restoring of the same.
All Sciences of things above, below,
(More then Philosophy did ever know)
Are objects of Gods Booke, and easily yield
To all invention a most spacious field.

Psal. 148.

Wee grant prophaner Authours have given Rules
Of living well, kept open natures scholes;
But this booke Gentilisme exceeds as far
As the bright Sun at Noone some lesser Star.
Why doe wee study? Wherefore are wee joynd
So fiercely in dispute? To adorne the minde
With Truthes, and as the flint and Steele conspire
In issuing forth the Element of fire;
By joynt collision, so from much bickerings
In disputation Aletheia springs.

Volve and revolve your Sages Volumes, you
Shall not be certaine one opinion's true
Amongst one hundred. What their Historie?
Patcht up with idle fables and with lies.
What's noxious there our Scripture reprehends,
What's crooked rectifies, what's faulty mends;
What's good makes better, and you neede not feare
Any report or false position there.

*St. Austin.
lib. de Doct.
Christiana.*

Millions of Lines about this Circle are,
And though they mutually may seeme to square,
And contrary as East to West, the South
To North; yet all meete in the Centre Truth.

What can be thought or writ by any quill,
Is in our Bible specified, and still
New matter drawes the curious Reader on,
And makes the Learned to reflect upon
The sense of deeper Mysteries, as he sees
Heere wondrous actions done: and out of these
Drawes morall applications, and can fly
To Allegorie, and Anagogie.

From the same words and deeds quadripartite,
Senses are fetcht, and every one is right.

Who but the Mother of us all Gods minde
 Could in few words such stronge allusions finde?
 And then what bee hath in Enigma's put,
 Make curious wits enucleat the Nut?
 GOD is a copious Magazin; men are
 The dispensatours of his precious ware,
 And heeres such plenty that from every clause,
 New mysteries the ingenious Reader drawes.

Goe juggling Mountebanks, cry up your toyes
 Amongst the Rustiks, Idiots, Girles, and Boyes.
 Yee winding Sophisters expose your trash,
 Wrangling Philosophers together clash.
 Frame Sophismes, Syllogismes, describe, devide,
 Bring in essentials to define, decide
 By Demonstrations Problemes. What's all this
 To what we are made for, everlasting blisse?
 Study foure yeeres the ten Predicaments;
 Meane while forget the ten Commandements;
 What profits Stoicisme? What Plato's wit
 To your salvation? What the Stagyrīt?
 That Cynik Sage expresses, though heele hide
 In's Tub, and currish manners far more pride
 Then Plato in his Pompe. He who gave rules
 To Courtiers, had a Cæsar in his Schooles.
 For a Disciple, found another way
 How Princes Gnomically should write and say,
 With some Atheistik Documents spoiles all,
 Commending such who on their owne swords fall,
 And with a violent Fate themselves deliver,
 From paine or shame, for such shall live for ever
 In paine, and shame. These wisemen are commended
 Wher they are not; but their pains shal nere be ended
 Where they are. Lets aske where are their followers
 Who to defend their marcid Axioms vow? (now?
 Who now adore strict Zeno's Apathie?
 Who for smooth Epicure will Champions be?
 Where are Diogenes scholars that can scrub,
 Sleepe, wake, eate, drinke, live, die; All in one Tub?

Contented

Seneca.

St. August.
*Laudantur
 ubi non sunt
 cruciantur
 ubi sunt.*

Contented with a scrip, a dish, a staffe,
More mad themselves at others madnesse laugh?
Surely such men have been; and made a shew
Of Learning, had Disciples, and did know
Something indeed, although not much; but what?
Is it Times fault? All almost are forgot.
No: time is blamelesse, for a Bastard sproute;
Though watred much self fixes a deepe roote.

Sap. 4.

Our Scripture is a more Celestiall feed;
Not Philosophik Darnell, or that weed
That growes in one day, in the following fildes;
But planted by Gods hand, shootes forth, the blades
Increases so, that in the branches rest

Mat. 13.

Your towring Eagles, and make them their Nest.
(Our glorious Doctors o're whose head a Dove
Hovers, and dictates Lines of Wit and love)
Wit in expounding Mysteries of our Faith,
Love, urging to performe what Scripture saith.)
From bough to bough these soaring Eagles spring,
Chanting the Trophees of their slaughtred King
Who (by his passion worthy made) reveal'd
This Sacramentall Volume seven times seal'd.

Apoc. 5.

For our Lambe butcher'd, streight the Vale was rent,
Which 'twixt the Temple, and the *HOLIEST* went.

The Tables, Aarons Rod, and Manna there

Mat. 27.

Reserv'd, by immolated *JESUS* were

Luc. 23.

To be brought forth, the Law more plainely taught,
Grace freelier give, deeds more prodigious wrought.

Heb. 9.

These Tables, and what appertains to them (Realme.

Num. 17.

Were preach'd, were taught, receiv'd in every

These are the silly graines of Mustard-seed,

That tasted once such operations breed.

Mat. 13.

Converted Nations, builded Churches, and

Planted soule-saving faith in every Land.

How is it possible poore Fishermen
Should convert Nations, erect Temples, then
Leave their Disciples, who when they were dead,
This saving Doctrine every where should spread?

Be Trumpets and the Pipes of heavenly grace,
 And in all Regions ? *E S U S* Banners place :
 Be dayly Actors of stupendious things,
 Maugre all Sects, and persecuting *K I N G S* ?
 First do's the Synagogue recalcitrate
 Against this Progress with intestine hate.
 But Truth prevailing, the Apostles shall
 Interre her in a glorious Funerall,
 And joyntly every Ceremonious Rite
 Takes sweet repose in darknesse, but delight.
 Then Pagan Kefers dreading th' overthrow
 Of their false Gods, against the true *G O D* shew
 Their indignation, and with fire and sword
 Pursue, destroy Professours of his Word
 Reveal'd, and writ : But as did Aarons Rod
 Turn'd to a Serpent by the hand of God,
 Devoure the Sorcerers Wands by Magick spells,
 Also made Serpents, yet not tumid swells,
 So this divinelie-vigorous Mustard-seed
 Shall eat up, and hath swallowed every weed,
 That through the world by Gentilisme was sowne,
 (Their Doctrines, Phanes, and Idols overthrowne.)
 No honours now to Meloch, Camos given,
 None to Astarthe, and the Hoasts of Heaven.
 Their maimed Dagon falls before the Arke,
 Do's Hamon bleate now ? Do's Anubis barke ?
 Paphus and Cyprus no more Venus follow,
 No doubtfull answers uttered by Apollo.
 These have, all Sects successively must perish,
 Our heavenly seede eternally shall flourish.

Exod.

2 Chron. 33.

Jer. 19.
Soph.

To

To the Right Honorable, *William,*
Lord Powis, and Sir Percie Herbert his Son.

Sermo Secundus.

The Argument.

Wee meane to treat of G O D; what shall wee take
For Essence, and a Definition make?
Can he who no waies will be circumscrib'de,
By any termes of Learning be describ'de?
Can he be specifi'de by words of Art?
When thought cannot imagine the least part
Of his perfections. Yet wee le something write
From Gods owne Lucid Lanthorne borrowing light, Pl. 119.
For silly prophane Authors Buzzards were,
By this directed, wee our course must steere.

So sacred are our Records, no prophane
Hand must attempt to touch 'em under pain
Of severe chastisement. So Sinais Mount, Exod. 18.
Nor man nor beast approach when Moses
Receives the Law; and the same Prophet must (on't
Pull off his shooes in reverence of that Dust,
Where God shall show himselfe. He answers well, Ib. 3.
Who being commanded by his King to tell
What God was, and desiring still more dayes
The Question to resolve, yet still delayes:
Truely confessing that the Thesis grew
Harder, and harder, and the lesse he knew,

The

*Theodeltes a Tragike Po-
et.* The more he studied. Who writ Tragedies,
For his presumption forfeited his eyes.
*Aristas one of the 72
Translators.* And Theopompus lost his health, because
One in his Stories, the other Moses Lawes
Durst bring upon the Stage, both are restor'd
To fight, and health; their fault by both deplor'd.
Yet who are humble with a prosperous gale
In Cephas ship shall through the Ocean saile,
And in the depths behold Gods Attributes,
How this perfection, that negation sutes,
To expresse some thing of a Diety,
(More then created understandings high)
And character as followes. *G O D* s a Being,
That ever was, and shall be; a minde seeing,
*A description
of God.* All in the Mirroure of himselfe, where all
Future things, and possible (though these shall
Nev'r have existence) boast Eternitie,
And in the Godhead all whole sharers be.
G O D every where is present, no where seen,
He filleth the whole world, and had there been
Myriads of worlds, he would them all have rounded,
*G O D S
Immensity.* Himselfe not compass, bounded all not bounded.
Fancy some vast imaginary space,
The Centre, and circumference of that place
Is *G O D*. Imagine thousand vaster, there
G O D must be'e involved the surrounding Sphere:
All intimate to all things, yet all without
All things; though nothing can be, if God be out.
G O D is an Entitie most simple, yet
Millions of discrepant perfections meete,
As Lines Concentrike in this *S I M P L E O N E*,
And without all these weele acknowledge none:
For *G O D*: where all are with a bended knee
Offer our Vowes to that sole Majestic.
*Immutabili-
ty.* Admire his immutability, the same
Still in himselfe, yet changing still the frame
O'th world with various Motions: Can love, hate,
Be pleas'd, displeas'd, yet still keepes the same state.

(Exteriors

Devout Rhapsodies.

9

(Exteriors only altered.) Stand amaz'd
When mans and Angels thoughts to'th height are rais'd
By'th light of Glory, yet inferiour far
To penetrate what Mines of Treasures are
Hid in that supreme Nature, Power, and Skill
To make ten thousand worlds, when ere he will,
More beautifull then this, increase the store
Of Angels numberlesse, and make 'em more
Glorious beyond esteeme. Can any Law
Limit his Arme? When this world's but a straw
Compar'd to what he can: turne when he please
To their first Chaos, the Aire, the Land, the Seas.
Dissolve the Heavens, reduce to'th old Abyffe,
Of nothing, whence they came, those Bands of his
Owne Court, the Angels, and when this is done,
Be full as happy in himselfe alone.

Omnipoten-
-ce.

For *G O D* did not those glorious spirits create
With purpose to encrease his blessed State:
Who was so copious, as he was before,
Nor doe their Legions multiply his store.
Repute Earth, Angels, Heavens, but a meere story
To speake a Deities more extensive glory:
And when he made this ample fabrike, He
For our good would declare a Majestie
Ineffable; in all expresse a will
Of doing good, a power to doe't, a skill
To doe't in the best manner, as much Art
In the production of each severall part,
As of the whole; (an Artists skill being waigh'd,
Not after what, but how the worke is made.)

A Childe may be begot, brought forth, and cry,
But without more sollicitude must dye.
Gods Providence his Creatures must attend
Els were they made to little, or no end.
Soone would this world to the first nothing fall,
If wisdome should not nurse, and governe all.
The Machine a disordred Ataxie,
Generall confusions, and combustions be:

Divine Pro-
-vidence.

C

What's

What's Providence? A faire exterior Robe
 Encompassing, and covering the whole Globe,
 And all things comprehended in't: Beside
 It is the living of the worlds inside;
 Ordaines, rules, acts, for ends peculiar; yet
 This Queene do's not her Majesty forget;
 But makes the secundarie causes know
 They are her Agents, and obedience owe
 To what she lists. Could the intensive heate
 O'th flaming Furnace make the children sweate,
 This Providence a while suspending fire
 From action maugre the fierce Tyrants ire?
 Did not she make at Josuahs vowes the teeme
 O'th posting Sun a while shoote every beame
 From the same Zenith, and in lieu of night,
 Mortalls stand gazing at a Noonedayes light?
 This prescribes Rules, ordaineth Ends, gives Lawes
 Constant to th' universe, makes every cause.
 Helpe it's associate: Nothing do's in vaine,
 But first disposing sweetly without paine
 Brings forth what nature would: Yet most appears
 Where liberty of action domineeres.
 And with so deepe a wisdome enterweaves
 Humane affaires, that though she freedome leaves
 To severall purposes and different ends,
 Yet happily effects what she pretends,
 Attends to all; yet so to every one,
 As if save that, she notice tooke of none.
 To dictate, write, reade, heare, all in one houre,
 Made Caesar wondred at, Origen much more.
 This world of creatures Gods eye looks upon,
 Governes, provides for; yet for all as one.
 Observes as well what's in the Cottage acted.
 As what votes are i'th Senate House transacted.
 Searches intentions, searcheth hearts and reines,
 What's done for publique, what for private gaines.
 Has admirable fetches. Did not Gods
 Providence make Benadad and Jehu Rods.

Dan. 3,

Job.

Sep. 8.

Psal. 7.

Jer. 42.

Devout Rhapsodies.

11

Reg. 2 9 10.

Of Achab, though that an Idolater
Jehu a Jew, yet a false worshipper:
These scourges were of Gods revenging ire,
And vengeance acted, cast, into the fire.
This lets bad men beare swaie some Moneths, or Yeares,
And then excited by the cryes and teares
Of the oppressed, with a potent hand
Frees a distress'd and captivated Land.
So Tribes returne to Palestine againe,
And Portugall shakes off the yoke of Spaine.
How this was done the following lines shall speake,
And how mans Arts to Providence are weake.

Nehem.
Esdras.

No end of Taxes, of Excises none,
How to get money still is thought upon;
Water excis'd, and Spanish Lordans are
So greedy, they would tax even the free Aire.
True Patriots are suppress'd, and only they
Advanc'd for Officers, who have the way
To grinde the Land, and out the poore mans throat
Get for Corbona an extorted groat,
Harpies oth' the Commonwealth, who procure hate
To an easie King, and cosen King, and State.
All tattred th' other day, Bankrupts, poore Johns,
Now prance it on their foote-clothes, are great Dons:
These are disperst through the whole Kingdome, and
Their Arbitrary power for Law must stand.
They are seconded at Court, if any take
Exceptions, are so potent, they can make
Him a dangerous Malignant, have him sent
For up, plagu'd in purse or imprisonment.
Thus grones poore Portugall, knowes not to whom
She should addresse her selfe, no helpe from home.
St. Julians Fort is in the Spaniards hands,
All Castles kept by Military Bands.
No Lovers of their Countrey weapon beare,
But sent to Italy, or Flanders, there
A Gods name let 'em fight, the more are flaine,
The more firme is the Monarchy of Spaine.

C 2

Now

Philip 2.

Ecclesi. 10.

Reg. 4.

Edward. 3.

Henry 5.

Henry 6.

Ecclesiastes.
10.

Jud. 8.

Now steps in Providence, no more quoth she
 Of bondage; I will set this Nation free,
 And make D' Almeida with the Mello's plot,
 And never cease till they have freedome got.
 And take that crowne from the third Philips Son,
 Which D' *ALVAS* Armes for Prudent Philip won.
 Could humane wit or strength? But sole *GODS* hand;
 And *PROVIDENCE* (that can events command)
 So soone, so easily with no losse of blood
 Redeeme a Kingdome from long servitude?
 But wee must know the Kings, and Peoples sin
 Translates the Natives, and brings strangers in.
 So Roderigo's fault brought Moores to Spaine,
 Our Britaine by the Saxon, Norman, Dane,
 Subdu'd; the French-mens sins for us have fought,
 And what but our owne sins fetch't in the Scot?
 So when the Conquerours crimes weigh downe the scale,
 They make their Vassalles over them prevaile.
 When wise, and just men fall, Fooles, Tyrants rise
 On the heavenly disposition with squint eyes
 Wee looke, and cry an *ERROR* of the Prince,
 When rightly 'tis a supreme Providence.
 Lets higher goe. Abimelech combin'd
 With Sichem, and with Mello, all are joyn'd
 To ruine Gedeons house. The Olive Tree,
 The Vine, the Fig-tree put off Majesty:
 "Tell the Trees plainly; wee'le not lose our ease,
 "And for your sakes so much our selves displease.
 "Wee shoote, wee spring, wee flourish, bring forth fruit
 "Which with the Spring, the Summer, Autumne suite
 "Please God, and man: what are great Monarks shares?
 "But as their Realmes, so multiply their cares.
 Only a Whin, a Bramble will be great,
 Takes complacence enthron'd in Royall Seate;
 But what's the sequell? Sichemites shall rue
 That with their Tyrant Gedeons Race they slewe,
 And by such murders chose Abimelek Prince,
 Gloried in him: Now steps in Providence.

Which

Which Joathan fortold 'em. God shall send
 From the darke shades of hell some subtle Fiend,
 That shall the Subjects, and the King divide,
 Make them hate his Tyranny, him their pride:
 They upbraid him with his Brethrens murder, though
 They were associates in the murder; (So
 Eager on mischeife, wee first rashly doe,
 At leasure see how foule the fact's, then rue)
 He who was raised by them, raises their Walls,
 Destroyes their Towne, and by a woman falls.
 (Heavens not permitting such League should last long,
 Which for Foundation murder had and wrong.)
 Marke Kingdomes, Common-wealths, and private States,
 And you'le observe not Fortune nor the Fates,
 But *G O D* transcendent Providence beare sway,
 And alwayes sin with shame, or sorrow pay.

As Providence and Power, so his science is
 His Bounty, Mercy, Justice, an Abyſſe
 Of infinite Perfections. Weele conceive,
 Millions of worlds i'th Divine Essence, leave
 Nothing which may adde beauty, give delight
 To the understanding, hearing, and the sight,
 Angels surmounting sands oth' Ocean shore,
 Of populous Nations a far ampler store,
 Then should of Atomes be, had this vast Frame
 Nothing but distinct Atomes in the same.

*The Beatif-
 call Vision.*

Now, what a pleasant Vision wert? If you
 Saw all these objects in one simple view.
 Millions of Angels, Men, Beasts, Plants, rich Stones
 All Minerals, heard all Symphonies at once. (taines,
 Beheld all Colours, Fields, Woods, Trees, Flowres, Foun-
 Oceans, Springs, Rivers, Vallies, Plaines, Rocks, Mountaines,
 Numberlesse Cityes, Hamlets, Castles, Courts,
 All recreations, all delightfull sports.

Is there delight in War? the Seige of Troy,
 And sacking oft? How barbarous Kings destroy
 Rome, and Jerusalem: The Punik flights
 Of Hannibal, Grecian, and Romane fights:

The battailes by our third stout Edward fought
 Against the French, and Flower-de Luces got
 To adorne our Scutcheons, the renowned story
 O'th Field of Agincourt fift Harries glory,
 And what with *B L O V D* not inke should be set downe
 Our *C I V I L L* fights, since that at Keinton Towne,
 Which so much bloud, and many lives have cost,
 That whosoever was gainer, England lost :
 Had they been well imploy'd, those Legions might
 Have subdu'd France, regain'd the Electorall Right.
 The Romane Triumphs, and Olympian Games,
 And whatsoe're Magnificent in Fames
 Booke stands registred, is, shall be, hath been,
 Are in Gods Essence as a Mirrour seen:
 And all these knowne a thousand Myriads more
 Of objects may be seen, and yet the store
 Never exhausted : *G O D* alone must be
 The Comprehender, of his Infinitie.

G O D S
Eternity.

Eternally there was duration, though
 Nor Yeares, nor Monthes, six thousand yeares agoe,
 Nor Dayes, nor Houres, nor minutes did divide
 Ages, and Times, and all these specif'd
 By the perpetuall motions of the *S U N*,
 As he shall through his annuall mansions run,
 And by the carrying his eternall Light
 Make Winter, Summer, Autumne, spring, day, night.
 So when the world shall fade, and all these cease,
 The tired Earth injoy a constant peace.
 No Plough rip up her Bowels : The Glebe-land
 Still unmannured, and untilld stand.
 No aurigations of the heavenly carres,
 No incertaine motions of the wandring Stars.
 Shall not there be *D U R A T I O N* ? Sure there shall,
 But such an one as comprehendeth all
 Ages, and Times, the present, future, past,
 And all these vanish'd evermore shall last,
 And is the same with God. This never had
 Beginning, never shall have end. This made

When

When it pleas'd him the universe : Wee know
How long 'tis since he made it : If wee goe
FURTHER that **FURTHER** is Eternity,
And will not measur'd, but admired be.
For who conceives some thousand Centuries
Of ages past, and againe multiplies
The same millions, and millions more of time,
Yet cannot this grand Calculator climbe,
Although perpetually he multiply
Unto the Top of **G O D S** eternity.
Who only can his owne **D U R A T I O N** tell,
Above created thoughts ineffable.

These glorious Attributes, and Idioms shew
A mighty **G O D**, come wee to things below.
As he converses with the sons of men,
Bestowes his gifts, beares with their manners, then
Greater amazement will arise to see
His Bounty, Mercy, Longanimity;
But weele defer to insit upon this Text,
And with Devotion prosecute the next.

To

To the Honorable, my most honored
Friends, the Lady Francis Nevil: And
Mistresse Margaree Brooke
her Daughter.

Sermo Tertius.

The Argument.

Wee sing the Notions of the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost, issuing from both; yet O N E
With B O T H : One individed Essence : Three
Persons by relative Pluralitie:
Man is Gods Image, and do's represent
This Ternall One, and the unconfinde extent
Of the whole Macrocosme; yet never shall
Be happy till he gaine this O N E, this A L L.

Gen. 1.

S Hall he from whose redundant Plenitude
Wee all receive, Being, Grace, Beatitnde.
Who fills the Ocean with innumerable spawnes,
Replenishes the Desarts, and the Lawnes,
With stocke of Cattell, dayly do's repaire
With yong ones the inhabitants of the Aire.
Can such a God be barren? No, a fire
Issuing a Son shall with that Son conspire
To breath the Holy Ghost, and all these three
Equall in glory and in Majesty.
Et binks acknowledg'd, though with much ado
One God, but knew not what belonged to

Esay. 66.

A TRIAD what is Divine GENERATION,
 What is PROCESSION, what active SPIRATION.
 The FATHER needs must get a SON, and then,
 That FATHER, and that SON give Origen
 To the Holy Ghost; the first Two cannot be,
 Unless they make their Number Ternary:
 For Love which gives all Creatures birth and growth,
 Before all Creatures had his birth from Both:
 (Father on Son the Son on Him reflecting,
 And with a mutuall Complacence affecting)
 The Synagogue of this had shaddows; but
 Their Lanthorne was under a Bushell put:
 And the Hebrew Rites, and Books Enigma's are,
 They'explaine not Truths, but poynt at from a far;
 The Law in measure, above measure Grace,
 When that once past, this other comes in place.
 That Lambe, that Lampe of the Caelestiall Towne,
 Shall leave his royall Throne, and comming downe,
 Enucleat Mysteries, preach a Godhead, three
 In Notions, yet a pure Identitie.
 Who comprehends himselfe, could onely tell,
 GODS immanent Acts, that are ineffable.
 O thou Eternall Son, and Word, who far,
 (Ith' raies of Saints) before the morning Star
 Wert got, and spoke; let's through all Ages break,
 And search, when GOD did thee beget, and speake;
 For both are One, GOD did no more afford,
 To give thee birth, then uttering of a Word.
 Lets search a hundreth thousand Ages moe,
 Yet shall we not thy Birth, and utterance know.
 If we thy Father question, heele reply,
 My Son is both so old, and young as I.
 When he was got, as no time can designe,
 So when he was not got, no time define.
 Yet of his Origen, you truly may,
 Affirme he is begetting every day:
 And through Eternity all Ages past,
 Shall this continued Generation last.

Matth. 5.
 Luke 11.

S. Ambrose

Psal. 109.

Psal. 2.

A SON of's **FATHER** independant, Heir
 As the **ORIGEN**, whence tis deriv'd so great.
 True **GENERATIONS** yet devoid of Motions,
 Reall relations, yet no more then Notions.
 As the Vast Ocean that surrounds the Earth,
 Though it give **RIVERS** springs and **Brookes** their Birth,
 Euphrates, Volga, Quahu, Nile, our **Thame**,
 Yet never wanteth but runs stil the same.
 As thankfullie all these Returne againe
 And disembogue themselves into the Main.
 The **FATHER** never wants, although the **SON**
 Has all he hath : nor are these **TWO** undone,
 Nor the least jot of all their Treasure lost
 Though al's be frowde upon the holy Ghost.
 For though they mutuallie give all their store
 Yet give they so, that they can stil give more.
 Imagine some Eternall Spring, or Mine
 Whence Purest Gold is digd, flowes richest wine,
 And yo'ule conceive some glimpses that come nigh
 To shadowe this stil Bounteous Trinitie.

Not Trimegistus or the Stagyrit,

S. Th. 1. p. 9.

32.

Not any Stoik, or Platonik wit,
 Though Monas Monadem begar, can tell
 How this Pecunditie, yet no wombes swell,
 Arises, how one can give all his store
 Yet never be exhausted, never poore.
 Such science is a more peculiar grace,
 Granted to none o'rh Philosophike race,
 And who wil have his **TR I A D** for his booke
 Must with **F A I T H**'s candle on the volume looke,
 Though none can understand each page aright
 Who has not for his Flame-bew Glories light.

Merchants, who travell to the rising **SUN**,
 And view his setting when the day is done
 In neither of the Worlds can fulnes finde,
 For though they fill their purses, yet their minde
 Is emptie still, and still they covet more,
 And are amidst their heapes of Riches poore.

The Macedonian youth contented not
Himselfe with the whole World his sword had got.
The Reason: all things here confined are
Within their Modell, insufficient far
To satisfie mans **APPETITE** ordain'd,
Not to be satisfi'd till **GOD** be found.
The Spherik Figure no waye can suffice,
To equall what is made **TRIANGLE** wise.
Lay one upon another, you shall see
All waies some corners will unfurnish'd be.
When the Worlds maker made mans Soule, the same
Triangular did the best Worke-man frame
To represent his marchies self and be
The Image of one **GOD** in Persons three;
Ordaining him to love, to honour, serve
His **GOD**, who for such service do's reserve
A Crowne, and place in Heaven; where he shall see
The **TRIAD** order, and how all things be
Deriv'd from thence. Nor can there ought be found
In this low Obe, that's Sphericall, and round,
May satisfie our Soules; nor can wee rest
In Creatures, who are ordred to be blest
By his fruition, who to Creatures gave
That existence, and essence which they have.
Sole **GOD** proportion'd to our Soules, and till
GOD be injoind, wee nere shall have our fill,
Unles wee feed on this Celestrall meate,
Wee still shall hunger, still desire to eate.

Creatures observe that order, keepe that state,
Which **GOD** appoints: Sole **MAN**'s retrograde!
Behold the wandering Planers, and fix'd stars
Are Constant in the motion of their Cars,
And as they approch, or goe from severall seats
Cause winters nipping frosts, and Summer heates.
Make buds and blossomes sprout forth in the Spring,
And in the Autumne to perfection bring.
See how the Simple Elements Combine
And in the making of mixt Bodies ioyne.

The Fire, the Ayre, the Water, that surrounds
 The Earth : how all observe their proper bounds,
 And very bounteously themselves bestow;
 On all things that have sense, or move, or grow.
 Suppose (what will not be) some glorious light,
 (The Sun or Moone) should fall from Heaven, or quite
 Extinguished be : suppose Gods arme should take
 This World, and of the Pristine Chaos make;
 Involving in the same calamity,
 The old, the middle aged, and the Frie.
 Here death gives rest to Beasts, to Fish, to Fowle,
 All paine expiring with the fleeting Soule :
 And though here's some inversion of that end,
 Which Nature in Creation did pretend :
 Yet tis no more then if some Clowne should grub;
 Or cut a plant up, but as yet a shrub;
 Or a young Partridge caught ith' Fowlets net,
 Or by the Hawke devour'd Pin-fether'd yet.

But different far is Mans accursed state,
 If by transgression he prevaricate :
 For if in prosecution he shall erre,
 Sulphurean Flames that first prepared were
 For the Infernall Fiends must be his hire,
 And with condemned Ghosts, eternall fire.
 Better he had nere been borne, then be borne so,
 As dying, he must live in endlesse woe :
 For not as soules of Birds and Beasts, Mans minde,
 Shall with the body dissolution finde;
 But when chance, age, or sicknesse break the tye,
 Twixt Body and the Soule, this last shall flye
 (Supported by the wings of heavenly love)
 To these magnifiquie Pallaces above,
 Where Saints and Angels with much blithenesse sing,
 The Trophees of the slaughtered Lambe, and bring
 Their Anadems of Glory (as tis meet)
 Offering them, and themselves at IESVS feet.
 Who with the treasure of his precious blood,
 Purchast his Courtiers such Beatitude.

Matth. 26.

Apoc. 4.

Or else the Soule poyde with tranſacted faults,
Shall ſtreight deſcend to ſubterranean Vaults;
Where horroure with pale deſperation dwell,
And damned Ghoſts eternally ſhall yell.

*T would be ſome eaſe, if thouſand myriads paſt,
Of yeares, Hels torments ſhould have end at laſt,
But they'le endure ſo long as G O D ſhall be,
And one way equalize eternity.

O thou all-potent Trinity, whoſe hand,
Firſt made, then poliſht Fire, Aire, Water, Land:
Preſcribdſt to all their duty, and their end,
Which they without reluctance attend,
And gaine; Illuminate our ſouls to know,
Wherefore thou mad'ſt us, whether we ſhould goe;
To heaven our journey is, direct our wayes,
To that bleſt Land; there crowne us with thy rayes
Of glory; who made by, and after thee,
Without thy ſelfe ſhall nev'r contented be.

D 3

TO

To the Honorable, *William Savile, Ba-*
ronet, my Godson. Edward Atfloe, John
Church, E quires.

Sermo Quartus.

The Argument.

Wee sing what power bad Angels have, and how
All causes, and their consequents they know,
Are incorporeall, and with winged speed
Act what they will, but not their bounds exceed.
Wee sing unhappie mans corrupted state,
How more then Beasts he do's degenerate.

Gen. 1.

THe World being finish't God amazed stood;
 And with much complacence pronounc'd al's
 If all be good, how come ill Angels then (good:
 (So noxious, yet so conversant with men?)
 If they are ill, why are they left to roame
 Abroad, why are they not confin'd to home
 In Hell? why did they not when they lost grace,
 Forfeite as well their Energye as place?
 In Heaven? they can doe wonders, have a power
 As great as Sions courtier's, some have more.
 What from the rising of the Radiant sun,
 Till in the Occident his race be run
 Is acted, they see clearely, can without
 Passing through Medium's scu'd the World about
 It's twinkling of an eye; at distance can
 Mountaines oreturne, destroye, or tempt a man.

2. Reg. 5. 14.

Locall Dimensions limit not their Sphere
 Of action, where they operate they are there.
 And though these Devils can the Sun as loone
 Shut in a lantern, as deduce the Moone
 Downe from it's Mansion; yet they are penny Kings
 In the airie Region, and ore earthly things
 Can dominere, although not reach so farre
 As is the Mansion of the lowest Starre,
 All Theorie, and Practike arts they knowe,
 Natures abstruser secrets, no plants growe,
 But they their Virtues ken, and can apply
 Actives on Passives to bring miserie
 And witchcrafts upon man, and as if wee
 Framde of Ambition, envie, enmitie,
 Were not sufficient Devills to our selves,
 Wee must have ayde from these Infernall Elves
 In our malicious plots, and for the hire
 Damne our owne soules to their eternall fire,
 And as wee share in their Iniquitie,
 So in their punishment associates be.
 And such must of necessity be ill,
 Who once deprav'd can never change their will,
 Never retract an Error, nor repent
 What once (apprehended good) they durst attempt.
 Speake more Celestiall Mutes, what's the cause
 Of so much perviencie against the Lawes
 Of humane fence. how fell the Angels downe
 Why did they forfeit that Perennall Crowne
 Due to integrity and (Virgins) knowe
 The knowledge of such Cromcles you owe
 To Sacred Historyes? how Balthasar,
 And Nemroths Babylon surprized are,
 And the Assyrian Monarchie cast downe
 The Medes and Persians share the Imperiall Crowne,
 How Tomyris the warlike Scythian Queene
 Amidst her thickest Troopes in Armour scene,
 Acts dire Revenge, and having first made drunke
 The Persian Brigades, drenches the cold trunk

Of slaughtered *Cyrus* in a tub of gore,
 Bidding him quaffe his fill, who evermore
 Had thirsted blood; how like the flashing fire,
 Of angry Heaven, when Heaven and Earth conspire
 To raise a tempest, *Alexander* flies,
 And shewes the World his glorious Victories;
 How by death conquered, he who conquer'd all,
 Must in the midst of all his Trophies fall;
 Many great *Homers* (*Alexanders Vow*)
 Inrich you with such Histories, and how
Cesar amidst and by perfidious friends,
 I'th Capitall his life, not glory ends.
 The sad disasters of these Monarchies,
 With the addition of ten thousand lyes,
 Of the Assyrian, Greek, Odrysian Lords,
 Innumerable Stories, numberlesse Records
 Speak amply: many Birds first reassume,
 Onely their proper Feathers, then unplume,
 The Roman Eagle, till great *Mahomet*,
 As he did *Constantines* Bizantium get,
 Wrung off one neck, and in that Empire plac'd
 The beauty of our Tawring Bird defac'd.

But of the reall grounds, why these States fall,
 Why th'other rise, no mention's made at all;
 Nor once remembred what condition they
 Be of, who are chiefe Actors in this Play
 Of blood, and death, where a Muse buskind sings
 With teares the Fates of Common-wealths, and Kings.
 The Gentile Sages by experience see,
 But know not whence proceeds our Miserie:
 They never know with what industrious Arts,
 The Devils in our Drames act chiefeest parts.
 Why Man doth with the Spiders Cobwebs spin,
 And one net wrought, unsatisfied begin
 A fresher web, why with the Ants take paines,
 With such sollicitude for sordid gaines.
 Why thrust the Badger with the Foxes flight
 Out his owne Hole, why with the Lyons might

Invade

Invaide the weaker ; why made Lord of all
 The Universe, does he degenerate fall
 So low beneath himselfe, and far inferiour
 In sence to many Beasts, to all superiour
 In brutish qualities, exceeds the Hog
 In drunkenesse, more fawning then the Dog,
 When profit shall accrue, in rage outgoes
 The Hircanian Tygres, when assayl'd by foes,
 Shee saves her young ones, and with teeth and nayles
 Against a world of combatants prevailes ;
 Prouder then the Horse, when in his bravery,
 He shall attract every beholders eye
 To marke him onely, as with stately grace,
 Through the streets richly hanged he shall pace.
 As here the Gentiles all are silent, wee
 Should sit amaz'd, and with them silent be ;
 Wholly transformed, knowing our God all good,
 Dispute, how with such bounty is harsh stood,
 To suffer his chiefe creature, Man to fall,
 In such disorders, and permit in all
 So generall a confusion, when behold,
 Onely our writs the Origen unfold
 Of all these mitchcifes, taught by them weole speake
 The causes : and through many ages breake
 Boldly our passage ope, beginning long
 Before the Universe began a Song.

E

To

To the right Honorable, *John Paul-*
let, Marquesse of Winchester, the Lady
Honoria, The best Example of her Sex, His
 Marchioness; and the Honorable,
Walter Montague.

Sermo Quintus.

The Argument.

*What ruind Angels? a transcendent pride:
 Or envy? Because Man was Deicide.
 Proud Lucifer turn'd Traytor animates
 His fellow Angels to be associates
 In the Rebellion: Michael with the bands,
 Of Loyall Subjects for GODS title stands;
 The Traytors lose the day, Grace, glories Crowne,
 (They might have gain'd) to b' depths of Hell cast downe.*

*Aug. de Civit.
 Dei, lib. 14.
 Cap. 3.*



He Devill nere was glutton; never soild,
 With amorous embraces; never soild
 with drink: no purser by the high way side,
 Never for Murder at the Sessions tride.
 (Nor could he faile so, such concupiscence
 Following corporeall faculties and sense.)
 (Yet has he perpetrated all these crimes,
 By proxie, above a hundred thousand times)
 How fell the Devill then? how lost his place,
 And share 'oth Deity, Cœlestiall grace.

How

How did the searcher of all intrailles finde,
Iniquity in so sublime a minde?
What horrid act hath his everſion wrought?
Ruine on him? on Us destruction brought,
(For he having limpt himſelfe, made *Adam* halt,
Whence iſſued our hereditary fault.)

Pſal. 3.
Iob 4.

Gen. 3:

Was *Lucifer* a Peacock? when he ſpide
His ſpecious plumes, with a ſelfe-pleaſing pride,
Tooke he fond complacence in gifts beſtowde,
And with thoſe gifts rebeld againſt his God,
Who gave 'em? did he glorying in his ſtate,
Aſpire to be with God coequall Mate?
With ſearing wings why would he northward flye,
And independant be as the moſt high?

1 Sam. 14.

Or did not envy raigne? that God ſhould ſleight,
The Angelike Eſſence, and himſelfe unite
To our weak ſubſtance, by a wondrous tye,
Including in one Man the Deity,
And humane Nature: this makes Traytors riſe
In armes 'gainſt their Creator; envies eyes
Are ſo malignant, that anothers good,
Like daggers ſtrikes to th' heart, and fetches blood.
• What quoth th' aspiring Angell, ſhall this ſlime
• Oth earth, this worme in plenitude of tyme,
• Grac'd with the union Hypoſtaticall,
• Be Deified? have Empire over all.
• Muſt Angels ſo accompliſhed with grace,
• In Entity ſo perfect give him place?
• Be ſlaves, and as obſequious Vaſſals ſtand,
• To know, then execute what heele command?
• If God cannot his bounties better ſhare,
• Weele learne him Order, teach him who we are:
• If needs he will his gifts, and ſelfe diſſuſe
• In Donatives, let him election uſe:
• Wherefore you (Legions) ayde me, and weele make,
• This partiall God recall his purpoſe, take
• Our Nature, where you all ſhall ſharers be,
• And fellowes with me in the Deiry.

As in a Leguer, where distracted mindes,
 Revolt against their Generall, Treason findes,
 New complices to act a dririe plot;
 So now seditious *Lucifer* ha's got
 Whole multitudes to second what he saith,
 As Impious Angels violate their faith,
 Turne to a Creature their chiefe leader, and
 Amazed at his eminencies stand:
 For *Lucifer* had such similitude
 With God, that he, next him was the first good.
 No Cedar in Mount Libanus so tall,
 No Beech as hee: he far surmounted all;
 Great his indowments, specious were his raies,
 And he stild justly, First of all Gods wayes,
 Allured with such parts, the inferiour stars
 Forsake their stations, denounce open Wars
 Against their Maker. Now the signal's given,
 Of a great battaile to be fought in Heaven.
 For *Michael* and his friends oppose themselves,
 In Squadrons range against the haughty *Elves*:
 The loyalty of Subjects now is tryde,
 As they take part on *Michaels* and Gods side:
 Who stands imparriall a spectator by,
 To see these Combatants for mistery try.

No party brought to th' field, or swords or bills,
 But serious alterations of their Wils:
 Neither did they with a Sceptorean voice,
 On any part plead rights; but without noise
 Ioyn'd the Batalia's: No loud clamors there,
 Let the left Wing advance, bring up the Rere:
 But what they would have either friend or foe,
 Should understand, their Wils did make 'em know:
 Yet Drums and Trumpets were the harmonious Spheres,
 Still ecchoing terror in the Rebels eares:
 When they reflect how those, though senseless stand,
 In order, when these spurne at Gods command.

That fight was famous in *Pharsalia* field,
 Where the *Patritians*, and their *Pompey* yeild

Ezech. 31,
 Job 40.

Apoc. 12.

In what manner
 the good and
 bad Angels
 fought in hea-
 ven.

How the An-
 gels expresse
 themselves one
 to another.

To *Cæsars* conquering Legions, and one day,
 Makes Rome, and the whole world the Victors pray :
 So was that Naumachie by the Actian shore;
 Where *Anthony* pursues his flying Whore;
 And great *Octavian* all the Empire gets,
 Where the Sun first appeares, and where he sets.
 The whole Worlds Sovereignty, being set at stake,
 Did these encounters so conspicuous make.
 But in this Battaile fought on Sions plaine,
 Where the false Angels lose, the loyall gaine
 The day : what ever is above the skies,
 Even Gods command must be the Victors prize.

The Armies ordered, and in mutuall view,
 The grand Commander of the Traytnes crue
 Himselfe advances, and at every straine,
 Presents Goliah, or fierce *Tamerlaine*.
 Blasphemes and curses Gods selected band,
 But as (if such comparisons may stand)
 A thick neck'd Bull made Captaine of the Herd,
 And for his strength, of all the Forrest fear'd ;
 Meeting some stately Lyon at a spring,
 Disdaines to pay due homage to his King :
 But ventilating oft his hornes ith' ayre,
 He and his Flock themselves to fight prepare ;
 When the stout Lyon backed by his friends,
 The conflict presently begins and ends :
 As furiously upon the Bull he goes :
 And, maugre his great strength, casts in the close.
 Then on the prostrate neck, letting his foot,
 With a disdainfull paw puls out his throat :
 The rest, as they behold their Leader dye,
 With the disaster all appalled flye.
 In the same manner *Michael* putting on
 His trusty Armour : Vindication
 Of Gods supremacy, a two edg'd Sword,
 Strongly compos'd of Gods revealed Word :
 Iustice his brest-plate, and of Faith the shield :
 A belt of Verity : his helmet steeld

Ephes. 6.

c Reg. 17.

With safety. Armed thus against his foe,
 He marches, and as *David* with one blow
 Defeats the Elfe : then trampling on his head,
 This ovant speech in following manner said :
 ' Who like to God ? who from the abyſſe of nought,
 ' Firſt made thee, then to this perfection brought ?
 ' Ingratefull wretch to thy Creators grace,
 ' Unworthy ſuch endowments, and cheiſe place.
 Matth. 20. ' Was thy eye evill becauſe God was good ?
 ' Or didſt thou ſurfeit with much plenitude ?
 ' What is, is his ; and muſt he come ſo low
 ' Beneath himſelfe, that when he will beſtow
 ' His favours, he muſt aſke his creatures what
 ' He ſhall beſtow ? whether on this or that
 ' Perſon, or nature ? he can beſt diſpence,
 ' Who knowes what's given is but benevolence :
 ' Great were thy eminencies : did we repine
 ' At dignities conſer'd on thee, and thine ?
 ' We knew, and ſo ſhouldſt thou, that he who gave
 ' Such gifts, knew well what every one ſhould have,
 ' And in what meaſure, neither thou, nor I,
 ' Can limit or enlarge his liberality.
 ' Falſe Impe, who wouldſt have Empire over all,
 ' To the loweſt pit thou ſhalt dejected fall :
 ' Can nothing pleaſe thee but thy Makers Crowne ?
 ' To Hell with thy aſſociates tumble downe.

As when the heavens, the ayre, the winds conſpire
 With horrid thunder, and with flaſhing fire,
 To terrifie the world, and make us thinke,
 Our ſins had fill'd Gods cup even to the brinke,
 And the Univerſe muſt end : Midſt all theſe tones
 Of angry Heaven, innumerable ſtones,
 Of haile fall downe, and with their fragour make,
 The Machin of the frighted World to ſhake.
 Such was the Angels precipice from Heaven,
 When glorious *Michael* had his ſentence given.
 For *Lucifer*, who made the Angels faile,
 As he fell headu g, dragd downe with his tayle,

Apoc. 12.

The stars thir'd part (when men of high estate
Decline, the ruine ends not in their Fate.)
But as some potent Lording, who hath wrought
Treason against his Sovereigne Prince, and fought
To murder or depose him, for which ends,
Conspiring with his Vassals, and his Friends;
He traiterously takes armes, but in the field,
Is vanquish'd by his King, compeld to yeild.
Brought to a tryall, all receive their doome,
But differently; some from their native home,
Banish'd; some forfeit life, some goods and land,
So did the case with the damn'd Angels stand,
Some are confin'de 'ith spacious ayre to dwell,
Others on the earth, and seas; yet all in Hell.
For they still beare about the load of sin:
Fire in the apprehension, tortur'd minds within.
And we might see, had we spirituall eyes,
How innumerable Devils, Atome-like and Flies
In a hot summers day, hop up and downe,
Ith' ayre or'e every City, Village, Towne.
Soaring like Hawkes, with Vultures mawes and eyes,
And when 'tis sprung, source downe upon their prize.
Then let us know that as they towre so high,
They easily, viewing, with advantage flye,
And seaze upon their pray. (Whats poore mans state,
Continually expos'd to their hate?)

But that grand Traytor, *Lucifer*, whats done
With him? doe not the conquerors sit upon
The manner of his chastisement? who lead
The dance in this Rebellion, was the head
Plotter, and actor in the treason, shall
Be more severely punished then all
The minor Devils; and one clause they adde
Toth' rest of's torments, that makes him stark mad:
Namely, that he who would so high have flowne,
With wings of pride, even to Jehovah's throne,
In a deep dungeon, shut eternally,
Shall a confined slave and prisoner lye.

*Perei in Din.
Hae omnium
Doctorem opinio
est, quod Aer
iste, qui Caelum,
& terram me-
dius dividens,
inane Vocatur,
plenus sit con-
trariis fortitu-
dinibus.
S. Hierom in
Cap. 6. Ep. ad
Eph.*

A hole his goale furthest from Heaven to show,
That as transgressions so must pennance goe.
The other Fiends have the vast Ayre and Seas,
And land to range in whensoever they please:
But their great Monarck must in fetters tyde,
In lowest Hell perpetually abide.

And this was the first prison made for sin,
A patterne to torment Delinquents in:
Yet no confinements, Fetters, Bolts, and Givies,
Can make the damned wretches mend their lives.
Sure the strange qualities of *Alphons* streames,
Are idle Poets or Historians dreames.

How he though disimboing in the Maine,
Yet midst the brine his sweetnesse can retaine;
Debt, and transgression are conducent gins,
To Prisons, Prisons Colledges of sins.
The noble Sciences profest, and chiefe
Arts taught, are of the Drunkard, Whore and Thiefe,
Who were in knavery Freshmen, comming here,
Shall proceed learned Graduates in one yeare.

Behold the Gallies, and a Prison view,
And they shall fully represent to you
What's done in Hell; blaspheming every where,
Continuall torments, yet they curse and sweare
Amidst those torments: Boat-swaines, Goalers are,
The Euries that torment 'em and their fare,
Bisket, Tobacco; trickling teares must serve
To make their meat go downe: else let 'em starve,
What then? too many care no more when halfe
Are starv'd then Butchers when they kill a Calf.
A Prison's like the cruell Martichore,
Or Hell it selfe, still seeking to devour,
It's alwayes taking, the least favour must
Be dearely bought, nor can you goe on trust.
Sweat, labour for some Goalers, a good turne,
Is never thought of in the following morne,
Best curtesie's done to them are but their due,
And what's their Office must be sold to you:

French,

French imposts, Spanish taxes are not hard,
If to th' exactions of a Goale compar'd.

Yet heavens forbid all Keepers should be such,
I know some gently bred, who will not grutch
To doe a favour gratis, know the same
Fortune that oretakes others, is not lame,
But may oretake themselves, and they may be,
Their fellow-prisoners in Captivity:

Know what a sin it is, to boyle the lambe,
Ith' milke and sight of the afflicted damme,
And therefore scorne to add fresh woes to woe,
(Onely ignoble, Beares and Wolves do so.)
They uuderstand al gaines these Vultures take
From undone men cannot them wealthy make,
No more then did that silver *Judas* good,
Which he had purchas'd with his Maisters blood.

Exod. 23.

The poore are Christ himselfe, and what is got,
Over the Devils shoulders needs must rot
Under the belly of his Damme (as teares,
And Prisoners clamours penetrate Gods eares.)
These keep not Goales as *Charon* kept his Boat,
To crave for every passenger a goate;
Nor (gentle soules) wil they, or curse, or raile,
If any in their bounty sometimes faile.

May such (and prisoners votes are potent) be
Fellowes with *Peter* in Eternity.
(Turn- keys best patterne) who with little state,
But much humanity will ope Heavens gate
Toth' poorest soule, that clement from his sin,
Or knocks, or rings, craving admissiion in.

Exod. 23.

Exod. 2.

Jud. 2.

Pla. 79.

No mischief on such Keepers ever fall,
But let 'em have his lot who kept Saint *Paul*:
No prisoners scaping from 'em run away,
Much courtesie with much injustice pay.

Act. 26.16.

Free from the Bondmans heaven-ascending curse,
May they dye rich in credit, rich in purse.
As the Egyptian Midwives, let their race,
And they thrive here, and have in Heaven a place.

Exod. 1.

Yet thrice blest Rome, who in the seven Kings times,
 And Tribunes rule, wert so devoyd of crimes,
 That one pore Goale sufficed to detaine,
 All Malefactors, but as *Scipio's* gaine,
 Asia, and Africa, *Emilius* Greece,
 And all returne rich *Iasons* with the fleece
 Of gold, then as thy sins and Towne increase
 New Goales are made, and Justices of Peace.
 How art thou spotted, with what tincture di'de,
 Of sins proud *London*? which so loud have cri'd
 To Heaven for vengeance, that in every street,
 New prisons must be made; the Gatehouse, Fleet,
 Newgate, and Ludgate, and a hundreth more,
 Not large enough for murderer, thiefe, and whore;
 But so increases the Malignant trade,
 That Courts and Pallaces are prisons made.
 O inauspicious Starsto live and die
 In torments worse then those of *Gregory*.
 There miseries end with our exhaled breaths,
 Continued prisons are continued deaths:
 A prison's like *Vestas* deflowred Nun,
 Ram'd in the grave before his thread be spun.
 Yet heavens are gentle, and permit this curse,
 To fall on some, to keep 'em from a worse.

To the right Honorable, *Henry Parker,*
 Lord Morlie, and Mount-Eagle, *William*
Habington Elquire, and Mistris *Lucie*
Habington.

Sermo Sextus.

The Argument.

What undiscovered pathes the Serpent treads,
 With what flye Engines, and dark wayes he leades
 Mankinde to errour: with what subtiltie,
 Invites he us to our owne miserie.
 The Fowler and the Fisher-man may gaine,
 Arts of deceit from his more subtile braine.
 Eve poysons Adam, and by his sad fall,
 Conveyes pernicious venome to us all.
 The foolish Woman, and her female seed,
 Tax'd worthily for this accursed deed.

Why does the Sponse in a Cygnean song,
 Descant so dolefully of the great wrong
 Her Brethren do her, and of battailes fought,
 And stratagems wherein her life is sought;
 Who are these barbarous Brethren so unkind?
 Legions of evill Angels in Gods mind,
 Our generall Mother, who, Idea'd there,
 Were form'd, then sell, and after suffered were

Cant. 1.
 Pugnacivus
 Contra me Fili
 mairis mea.

Psal. 109.
Apoc. 12.
ib. 21.

To range abroad ; these tempt, sollicite Man,
And doe him all the injuries they can,
(Thinking erroneously tis some reliefe,
To have companions in their endlesse griefe,)
As Meagre envy made 'em first to fall,
So the same fury domineeres in all
Their actions : knowing man must weare that Crowne,
And fill those thrones from which they tumbled downe :
Knowing how no coinquinated thing,
Shall see the face of Sions glorious King.
At every step, and place they set their gins,
To intrap the passengers in snares of sins.
All creatures of the world are traps and nets,
Which to catch fooles the cunning Devill sets :
And Satan having long convertt with man,
Is in his Volume deeply read, and can
Comply with all his appetites ; invert
The order of his intellect ; divert
Affections rightly plac'd ; perswade him choose
Evill cloth'd in the shape of God, refuse
Virtue look'd on, not in her proper guise,
But form'd by Fancy, or our carnall eyes :
For the grand workman of this earthly mole,
When in our body he infus'd the soule,
He made the Intellect, Will, memory,
A true resemblance of the Trinity.
As they have power to issue severall,
Most distinct operations ; yet they all
Are one, and the same soule ; and though we name
Them diversly, yet they are all the same.

The soule as some great Queene of many lands,
All the corporeal faculties commands ;
And though she seeme to rule by Deputy,
Yet in all acts 'tis shee, and onely shee,
VVho records onely understands, wils onely, hoords,
Onely in her vast Magazin records,
The species of things present, past, to come,
And when shee will remember, to that roome,

Makes

Makes her recourse. These species Satan can
 Stir up, when he intends to tempt a man,
 Objects of riches, pleasure, and the height
 Of honour; and propose with such delights,
 That the Intellect obscured by the Will,
 Shews in false glasses good, that which is ill:
 Then sense, with understanding her long run,
 Into transgression, and are all undone.

The Serpent such a colour'ds on pride,
 With a rich gloss of being beside,
 And knowing much, that Eve lik'd it so well,
 As having tasted Heaven, shee'd venture Hell.
 To know what's ill. The Fiends not long wooing,
 But tels her if shee know, shee must be doing.
 Behold that goodly Apple, take and eat;
 The choyse of Paradise, delicious meat;
 This will bestow an immortality,
 And make you sharers in the Deity.
 God knowes this well, ther'fore least you should be,
 Partners with him, he has forbid this Tree.

The liquorish Woman eyes, and eyes againe
 The Apple; sees it lovely and would faine
 Pluck it, but feares: at last demurreth so;
 If not for use, why did this apple grow?
 What Aromatick smell? how smooth the skin;
 And gay? Can any poyson lurke within?
 No sure: God in forbidding has some end.
 That's envious, Ile beleve my speckled friend;
 Who gives the world to roame in, and excludes
 But the least corner, all his gifts includes.
 And pens you in a prison. All the trees
 Of Eden are but toyes; forbidding these
 Choise fruits, what gave God when he gave command,
 Ore fishes, foules of th' ayre, beasts of the land?
 And then forsooth to say, dare not once touch
 This Apple; bounty is not valued much,
 Hedg'd in with lymits: I had rather have
 What he exempts, then all the rest he gave.

' Had it not been forbid, it might have past,
 ' Not car'd for, now I must needs, and will tast.
 ' Be it what it will, Ile by experience try,
 ' If it bring death, or immortality.
 With this, maugre Jehovahs frownes and threats,
 The bold Vlrage the Apple plucks and eates.
 Shee scarce had gorg'd it when the subtil Snake,
 Tickling with laughter in such manner spake.
 ' Are not your eyes now open? sure you know,
 ' What's Good and Bad: but be not envious, go
 ' Present your husband with an Apple, and
 ' Both good and ill alike shall understand.
 Lets to the Devill give what is his due,
 Though he equivocate, yet he speakes true.

But why did he assume the Serpents shape?
 Are not there other beasts, the Fox, the Ape,
 The Dog, the Elephant so wise as is
 The Serpent? but he takes this vermin hisse,
 To cheat our Grandame: Satan will declare,
 How neare allyed he and the Serpent are.
 All other creatures onely will defend
 Themselves, not unprovoked man offend:
 This venome still in ambush lyes like *Dan*,
 To bite our heeles, and not toucht poysons man.
 What harme did we the Devill? that he should,
 Envy our happinesse, prevent our good?
 Then in the turnes and windings that he makes,
 How does he represent the circling snakes?
 Observe this plot, and by one wile guesse all,
 As he made *Eve*, so he makes others fall.
 Knowing the woman of the two more frayle,
 He will the weaker vessel first assayle.
 Knowing the man of sounder judgment, he
 Sends his Embassador to *Adam*, the
 Must play the Orator; command the meate,
 Turne Crocodile, peule weep, unless he eate.
 (By such seducers *Solomon* his wife,
 Forooke his God, *Samson* lost strength and eyes.)

Gen. 49
 Psal. 69.
 109.

3 Reg. 11.
 Iud. 16

If we dare trust the *Jewes*, their stories tell,
 How *Nathan* saw before King *David* fell
 His ardent love to *Bersabe*, and thought
 To stay the Prince from his adulterous fault.
 He trudges to the Court, but in the way.
 The subtile Fiend as a dead carke sleay:
 The Prophet stops his course to interre the dead,
 Meane while the King defiles *Uriahs* bed.
 * Shall we conceive *Adam* was so unwise,
 To think an apple could make cleare his eyes?
 Indude with grace, and a strong Intellect,
 He could not but on Gods command reflect,
 Wherefore we must beleewe his chiefeft end,
 In the transgression was not to offend
 His cogging wife. (A precedent of those,
 Who to please others their owne soules dare lose.)
 So *Solomon* his Queenes so much affects,
 That for^tem to false Gods he Phanes erects:
 But did the mischief end in *Adams* sin?
 No sure! our misery must here begin.
 A businesse of such consequence, that all,
 Involv'd in him with him must joyntly fall.
 Had he been single, there had staid the doome,
 But he was Father of the World to come:
 And in his sentence we were censur'd, who
 Nere understood what appertained to
 Transgression. Ist^t not strange one single crime,
 Should last, and blast all progresses of time?
 Let *Epictetus*, let the *Stagirit*,
 With *Divine Plato*, who have amply writ
 Of vertues, and of vices, speak the cause,
 Why man so easily transgresses Lawes.
 When all are dumbe, our sacred Volumes can
 Tell wherefore all these mischiefs lite on man.
Adam had all our wils in hi^e, and we
 Eate joyntly with him the forbidden Tree.
 His onely act, that one pestiferous bit,
 Had many thousand *Aconites* in it.

*Epiph. in vitam
 Prophecy.*

3 Reg. 11.

Iesus. præf.
lib. 1.

It scarce is swallowed when infernall gates,
With violence flye open, Iron grates
Of Hell are burst; anxieties, cares, feares,,
Sorrow with all her dropping children, teares,
Suspition, jealousy, lawlesse desire,
Unbridled lust, pretensions to aspire.
Fond joyes, sad discontent at present state,
Aversion from good: anger, envy, hate,
Avarice still greedy, griping penury,
Dogging at the heeles of Prodigality,
Darknesse of minde, perversity of will,
And what in both can be suspected ill,
Beguiling error, pervicacious schisme,
Crab-creeping heresie, impious atheisme:
Idolatry alwaies inventing where
New Gods may be adorde for love or feare.
Egypt to Ibis, Rome will sacrifice
To th' fire, and *Cloaca* a Goddesse is.
These monst'ers with their pale commander death,
(Kept hitherto close prisoners beneath,
Nor should they ever have beheld the Sun)
Hearing what man against his God had done,
Scorne longer to obey prescribed Lawes,
But they will forth and vindicate Gods cause.

By the effects judge *Adam* of thy fault,
These mischiefs are the purchase thou hast bought,
Corruption is the house; the land sad woes,
In which though with teares watered no good growes.
Making at houre of death thy latest will,
Thou didst bequeath this Legacy of ill,
And for Executors, the Devill trust,
Who though a Bankrupt, yet in this is just,
And takes such care that jointly with our breath,
We doe receive thy testament of death.
Hence issue, if we well revolve our Fate,
Those woes which follow mans accursed state:
Hence those afflictions which attend our wayes,
Those sad catastroph's of our wretched dayes:

Hence

Hence that unequall share of joy and paine,
A drop of pleasure, but of woe a maine;
O, hadst thou lov'd God more, *Eve* not so well,
Thou wouldst have left us heires of Heaven, not Hell.

Who can describe what's sin? Nothing at all,
And must the masse of man for nothing fall?
All things ith' world God made, and God was glad,
That by his making hand they being had,
Onely thou misbegotten Monster, sin,
As Bastards use stolest at the Window in,
Ashamed of thy birth: God never put
Least finger to thy Essence: Hell was shut.
Thou wert' the Key to open it; day light
Change by thy birth into eternall night.
Cust be thy birth day; let it not appeare,
Nor once be nam'd with th'other dayes o'th year.
Be long expected, and as thou shalt faile,
Be curs'd of those, who watch to chase the Whale:
On that black day let the Universe be sad,
And Furies onely at thy birth be glad,
For thou hast on us all these mischiefes hurld,
And made a Pristine Chaos of the World.

Gen. 1.

Iob 3.

And wee be angry with thee, Grandam *Eve*,
The Mother of this Child: thou didst conceive
The odious Monster: Satan was his Sire,
But you adulterous Paramours conspire,
And with such slights juggle the businesse, that
Adam must father the mis-gotten brat.
God form'd thee of the mans selected bone,
To helpe him, that he should not be alone:
This was your task: Have you not help'd him well,
And all his progeny to goe to Hell?

Gen. 2.

Gen. 3.

Eve must bring children forth in pangs and throes,
And make a joyfull father by her woes,
Which shee performes, with a delight in paine,
(One teeming past, another lasts againe.)
Eve must be subject to her Husband, and
A Vassalle alwayes be at his command.

Grounded on this, some Common-weales ordaine,
 A Salique Law, the Distaff shall not raigne;
 Esteeming those God censured to obey,
 Unfit for Government, and Regall sway.
 And this first fault all mankind so has vext,
 That men take all the Nation for a text
 Of their invectives, dip in gaule their quill,
 And with Satyrick lines whole Volumes fill
 Against *Eves* sex, who in much ignorance bred,
 Unable are their proper cause to plead.
 But had they pens, as good as are their tongues,
 They amply would retaliate such great wrongs:
 And we should read, as well as loudly heare,
 With how much patience they these scandals beare.

To

To my Honourable Friends, Ma-
ster EDWARD, and Mistris
RUTH PETRE.

Sermo Septimus.

The Argument.

*We sing those Courtiers, who attend the Throne,
And act commands of that most absolute One,
Who gives all, takes from none, but what before,
Issued from his never exhausted store:
We likewise treat, with what despotike sway,
This Monarck governs, Citizens obey.*

PLATO fram'd a Republike, and it cost
Tullie much labour to write, what is lost,
A Common-wealth: so Aristotle writ,
His book of Politicks, proving in it
How the best forme of Government is, where
One absolute Monarck shall the Scepter beare.
Be it so, or not, let flaine *Cambyses* Peres
Dispute the Question: jealousies and feares,
Arise on every side: a Monarck may
Turne tyrant, *Nero*, or *Dionysius* play.
Violently take your goods, command your Wives,
And what more precious is then both your lives:
Bring in an arbitrary Government,
Or feare, or scorne to call a Parliament.

Herodot.

A Tyrant.

Forget himfelfe, and how one fingle claufe
Of his life more commands then all his Lawes.
He acts on a conspicuous ftage, and is
Subject to all his fubjects clap or hiffe.

Aristocracie. Thus Monarcks may decline, and may not fuch,
Who to a ftate turne Kingdomes doe as much?
Suppofe your Noblemen fhould beare the fway,
Even thefe may erre as well as tyrants may:
Consult, combine, to keep the people low,
And from the publike preffures potent grow.
A crafty party circumvent the reft,
Some few prevaile, the bad oretop the beft.
From reasons rule, and fquare of Juftice erre,
Before the generall, private ends prefer.
Athens a flave by thirty tyrants made;
And *Rome* by the Decemviri betrayd.
Thefe promif'd cures o'th body politick,
But made the fame a hundreth times more fick.
Weary of Kings, *Rome* ordains Confals, thofe
Suppreft, thefe ten-chiefe Magiftrates will choofe.
Rods onely fcourg'd her in the dayes of Kings,
And Confals, thefe few men with Scorpions ftings
Slafh the poore Commons, as none can be fure
Of his owne goods, nor in's owne houfe fecure:
The people grumble: let 'em, this bafe Yoake,
They brought upon themfelves, and till the have broake
Their Affes backs i'th carriage muft endure
The burthen; armed Cohorts fhall fecure
The tyrants lives, and military bands,
Force speedy execution of commands.

Democracie. For the fond multitude, they never knew
Their proper good, nor what belonged to
Or worth, or manners; Peers and Monarcks know,
When they do injuries, that they do fo.
But the bafe Vulgars unreftained wil,
Is model of their actions good, or ill.
A many headed monfter, yet not one
Sconce ftuff with Reason, or Religion;
Fiery in profecution of what's new,

Which

Which had, they presently their wishes rue
 And you as easily may, and even as soone,
 Shape out and make a garment for the Moone,
 Now crescent, now i'th full, now in the waine,
 As satisfie the Vulgars fickle braine,
 The Rable doated on this Parliament,
 With clubs and staves for their protection went
 To *Westminster* : gloryed to heare themselves
 Cald Round-heads, others Cavaliers (new Guelphs
 And Gibelines) what blood shed they ? what fights ?
 Adventur'd for the Parliamentall rights ?
 How bountifully did they give their store,
 Of gold at Guildhall ? yea, contribute more
 Then was requir'd. City and Country cry,
 T' have reverend *Land* and active *Strafford* dye,
 As enemies to'th Realme, and Parliament ;
 And till their heads are off ne'r be content.
 But now the case is altered, they rayle on
 Both Houses, cry downe for oppression
 Excises, are so impudent, they'd thrust
 Them from their Voting, whom themselves did trust,
 With all their rights ; whisper, expresse their spight
 In prose and verse, most dangerous pamphlets write :
 Yea some ('tis strange) so rash they dare proclaime
 Themselves the authors, and subscribe a name :
 Boldnesse and mercy, these would spend their blood
 Most willingly, our Senators are good,
 And will not spil't, knowing a Magistrate.
 Should th' Emperour *Nero* (yet young) imitate.
 Who wept when he should signe to th' deaths of men,
 Condemn'd, and wish'd he could not use a pen.
 But howsoe're they hold a wolfe by th' eare,
 Who court the multitude, and still must feare,
 Heele byte 'em ; all their bones are broke in twaine,
 Who seek the fickle Vulgars love to gaine.

So weak our providence, so full of feare,
 No state that's perfect can be stablish'd here ;
 None formed yet a body politick,
 That sundry noxious humours made not sick.

Psal

Eutopia fancied by our learned *More*,
 Had faults, and *Platoes* Common-wealth had more.
 Let Genoa, Jena, Venice, Amsterdam,
 And my deare London a republike frame,
 As they have fram'd, some Constitutions are,
 That erre from reason, and with justice square.
 Yet when Philosphers with all their wit,
 (Though some were States-men) faile, our sacred Writ
 Shall speak a Common-weale, so found, so sure,
 That for eternity it shall endure.
 For lift your eyes up, and contemplate them,
 Who fill the Senate of Hierusalem;
 There you shall see an ordered policy
 Establish'd, a sure grounded Monarchy:
 That on the Burgers has more blessings brought,
 Then Common-weales have dream'd of, or have sought.
 A glorious City, that surpasseth far,
 Ninus vast Ninive, or the grand Caire:
 Though that could vaunt of threescore miles in length,
 Walls of unmeasured magnitude, and length,
 Almost two thousand towers as Babel high,
 Threatning as *Memphis* Pyramids, the skie.
 Yet if with Sion you both these compare,
 Both filie cottages, both Sheep-coats are.

Apoc. 21.
 Tob. 13.

The pavement, wals, and rooffe of gold are made,
 With diamonds and precious stones inlaide.
 That with their lustre give a constant light,
 Although such need not, for the sable night
 Is ever banish'd thence; (the fulgent rayes,
 Oth' slaughtered Lamb, causing perpetuall dayes.)
 No watch, no warding at the severall ports,
 No military stations at the Forts.
 Onely at every Gate an Angel stands,
 And brandishes a Fauchion in his hands,
 To keep Malignants out, as heretofore
 Th' Angel kept watch and ward at Edens dore.
 And when that shame of nature went about,
 To break *Lots* house, the angels kept 'em out:

Gen. 3.

ibid. 19.

Besides

Besides the Citizens al soldiers are,
 Knights of *St. Vincent* for their feats of War.
 They made their passage through a crimson flood,
 (As did the Israelites) of Iesus blood. *Exod. 14.*
 And Satan mindfull he was vanquish'd here,
 Scarce lifts his eyes to Heaven, much less comes there.

The forme of Government is such; one King,
 To whom all homage owe, and tribute bring;
 His Court most glorious: Myriads of those Peres,
 Whose charge it is to volve the circling Spheres,
 Assist his throne: Cherubs who pierce, and see,
 The secret Orders of the Deity.
 And those Seraphike Lords, with fire love
 Inflam'd, in and about the centre move
 Oth' divine Essence. Sedentary be,
 The thrones, and with a sweet tranquillity,
 Contemplate God. O're sublunary things,
 The dominations sway, and act their Kings
 Commands; who use to imploy the powers
 When he will curbe those enemies of ours,
 Th' Aerial Potentates: as Satan would,
 Bring *Moses* body forth, that th' Hebrews should
 It idolize, he was made hold his peace
 By *Michael*, and from th' enterprize surcease. *The Hierarchie of Angels.*
 Who take the charge of Kings and kingdoms, these
 Are stil'd magnifiquie Principalities.
 When God prodigious operations takes
 In hand, he then the active Virtues makes
 His instruments. Angels, archangels, are
 His Nuntio's, when he pleases to declare
 His mind to Mortals: the angel *Gabriel* went,
 In Embassie to crave a Maids consent,
 And as some Paranymphe prepare a roome,
 Where God himselfe should to our nature come, *Epist. Iud.*
 And wooing in's owne person make a tye
 Betwixt our flesh, and his Divinity,
 The hypostatick Union was the Ring,
 Did make the match, and to perfection bring: *Luc. 1.*

And

Eph. 5.

And made our lump of despicable clay,
Ore the Empyrian Dominations sway.
What time the Spouse, both Jewes and Gentiles takes,
And with them both a mystique marriage makes.

The fervent Seraphin, and Cherubs be
Lords of Gods privy Councell, although he
Nor sits, nor needs much to deliberate,
What's to be done in businesses of State.
Yet some blest Angels know more of his mind,
And in the Book of Life (read deeply,) find,
The fixt decrees of his eternall will,
How he elects the good, rejects the ill.
Some leaders of Gods Army, whom he sends,
Or to subdue his foes, or aide his friends;
So *Michael*, Generalissimo, commands
The sacred Brigades, and Cælestiall Bands;
Guesse at their strength, by what but one has done,
Killing in Egypt every first borne son.

Exod. 31.

All this one night perform'd : Did not almost
Two hundred thousand of the Syrian Host,
Oth' ground lye gasping, by one Angell kil'd,
And all the rest with Panick terrour filde,
Trudge with their King away? some Angel must
I'th latest day collect all humane dust :
When soules shall reassume their flesh, and give;
Account of all their actions done alive.

4. Reg. Ch. 19.

All these great Princes hourly waite upon
Their glorious King, encompassing his throane,
To doe him service, and i'th very name,
Each one Enucleates his Creators fame.
For every single appellation suites,
To be the Banner of Gods attributes.
The Seraphim proclaime that ardent fire,
Wherewith the Persons mutually conspire,
To give existence, and communicate,
To whats existent an accomplish'd state.
The Cherubs witnesse an abyss of skill,
In the production, and a provident will,

In government oth' world : both in the height
 Of wisdom, number, and of weight.
 How fitly doe the quiet thrones expresse,
 Gods never to be altered quietnesse ?
 Who in him selfe immov'd, alwayes the same,
 With various motions alters the Worlds frame.
 Mutations in the fire, ayre, water, land,
 And in all these God has a speciall hand.
 But as some Rock fixt firmly midst the waves,
 Stirs not a jot, although the ocean raves,
 And boysterous winds conspiring with the tyde,
 Cause noyse, and feare alike on every side :
 So in the world, though daily motions be,
 Changes of elements, and Kingdomes; he
 Who changes all, sits quiet in his throne,
 Ever the same unalterable, One.
 Powers, vertues, principalities, display
 With dominations a despotick sway.
 The Angels fancied young with Cherubs wings,
 The cheerfull expedition in their Kings
 Commands : these ninety nine have never er'd,
 But alwayes loyal to their God adher'd :
 When *Lucifer* that Catelin lost his place,
 These purchast glory, keeping their first grace.
 A mighty Prince prepar'd *Assuems* feasts,
 And sent his Vassals to invite the guests,
 And bid 'em forthwith to the banquet come,
 They onely wanted to adorne his roome.
 They all excuse ; one answers, he hath bought,
 A Farme, and goes to see if 't be worth ought ;
 Another has bought Oxen, and must know
 By tryall, whether they be good or no,
 The third's a married man, and for his life,
 He cannot obtaine licence of his wife.
 What's to be done ? must all the Kates be spoyld ?
 This noble Prince, and all his court'ie foyld ?
 No sure his servants goe to every street,
 And take up all the passengers they meet.

Matth. 18.

Ezher. 3.

Luc. 14.

Ioh.

Rom. 9.

Luc. 17.

Apoc. 7.

Apoc. 21.

Ibid.

1 Cor. 15.

Yet there is place : he sends for the Rif-raſ,
 They come ſit at his table, drink, eate, laugh.
 Such is Gods bounty, he prepared feaſts,
 Adorn'd heavens Hall, and onely wanted gueſts
 To fill the roomes of theſe rebellious Fiends,
 Wherefore to Jews and Gentiles out he ſends.
 Many excuſe themſelves : ſome pride of life
 Retard, ſome hope of gaine, others a Wife.
 But who can croſſe Gods efficacious will ?
 Gueſts are compel'd, whether they wil or nil,
 By congruous grace to come, and fill the ſeats
 O'th trayterous Elves, and feed on dainty meats.
 The lame, the feeble, and the poore in ſpirit,
 By grace of Chriſt advanc'd, not their owne merit,
 To Gods owne table, eate Caeſtiall Kates,
 Where Angels miniſter, and Jeſus waites.

Of theſe in Heaven a countleſſe multitude,
 Inhabit, not as the baſe vulgar rude ;
 But deeply learned, having for their book,
 Even God himſelfe, on whom they daily look :
 And as they more or leſſe relations ſee
 Ith' ſacred triad, ſo they learned be ;
 And happy more or leſſe, and what themall,
 Moſt firmly comforts, they ſhall never fall
 From this beatitude : ſome ages paſt,
 This ſtate of things ſhall end ; theirs ever laſt.
 No ſickneſſe, no diſeaſes can come neare
 That happy Towne, nor is there any feare,
 That all conſuming time, or penſive cares,
 Shall iſſue furrowing wrinckles, or gray hayres :
 Never ſedition troubled this bleſt towne,
 Since *Lucifer* that Boutiſew ſel downe.
 And care is had that none ſhall enter in
 The gates, deſil'd with leprouſie of ſin.

Tis true, there's difference twixt the light of ſtars,
 Yet cannot inequality breed jars :
 No Saint repining at anothers ſhare,
 Though ſome more glorious then ſome others are.

All rest contented with their proper store
Of grace, and glory, and require no more.
And 'twere a madnesse any should repine,
The cheerfull Sun should on his fellow shine;
Or dropping Clouds with a fructiferous shower,
Upon his neighbours fields a blessing poure.
The selfe same mirrour bounteously reflects,
Upon a thousand severall mens aspects.
The aery species, nor is lesse your view,
Because a thousand sharers are with you.
God is this glorious planet, this cleere glasse,
That cheers all, shews all objects as they passe.
Though he cheer all, though he be seen of many,
All this is done sans detriment of any.
And had there been millions of such worlds more,
Of saints, and angels, an innumerable store,
All had had heat, all had as clearely seen,
Yet th'object never penetrated been.
As easily God giving life and forme,
To al as he doth to the filliest worme:
And though to some his bounties ampler be,
Yet even in this we shal Decorum see.
As architects, who reare a house or wal,
When pondrous stones are fit, apply not smal:
When smal proportion will not massie place,
For so the worke would want both art and grace.
Such is Gods City made of lively stones,
Spiritual Chrysolithes, and Unions.
The Sardonix, and sparkling Chrysoprase,
Beryllus, Jasper, Christaline like glasse.
All these rich Jems proportionably cut,
Are in that forme, and decent manner put,
And of such quantity, and valour be,
As with the Universe shal best agree.
For if the workman shewed such curious
In making this low Orbe, and every part
Contain'd in it, how must his skill abound,
When he a palace for himselfe wil found?

We have view'd Gods City, know the subjects, now
 Let's contemplate the policy and how
 This mighty Monarck governs, by what law
 So steers, his subjects love, yet stand in aw.
 Kings are compel'd to imploy their subjects hands,
 As usefull instruments of their commands :
 They cannot live without 'em, nor are Kings,
 Unlesse the subject necessary things ;
 Supply for life, and state, whence come their treasures,
 But from the subjects purse ? even to their pleasures
 The subject must contribute, nor the field,
 Nor River without Subjects pleasure yeild,
 Unlesse the Falconer travell'ing the mounds,
 Shall lure the Hawke, the hunt-men rate the Hounds.
 In masques, and shewes, and playes, which Princes see,
 Subjects must revellers, and actors be.

If he rule wisely the best Monarck heares,
 More with his subjects, then with his owne cares:
 He must have ledgers, and his spies maintaine,
 To informe what's done in Rome, France, Flanders, Spaine.
 Ist' the least misery of Kings to stand
 In feare of their owne subjects, least they band
 Against them, or plot treason ; Monarcks are,
 Jealous when subjects grow too popular,
 Too potent, or too rich ; on purpose send
 Them out Embassadors, to make 'em spend
 Their formidable treasures : Or in shew
 Of honour, let 'em for their Viceroyes goe
 To the remoter Indies. Who can tell,
 How many Monarks by their Vassals fell ?
 We need not travaile Greece, Rome, Beme, France, Spaine ;
 In our sole Britaine fifty Monarks slaine :
 That *Aventinus* boldly dares report,
 The Roman-German Emperor kept a court,
 Where Kings were subject : none but Asses were
 Vassalles to the French King, because they beare
 Such heavy burdens ; the Hesperian Kings,
 Were Kings of men, because the Spardard clings

*Aventinus de
 Beo Turico.*

George Abbot
 Archbish Can.
 in his descrip-
 tion of the
 World.

So closely to his Prince. A King of Devils;
 Our English King, by reason of the evils
 Against their Kings done by the subjects hands,
 Rebellions, depositions, murders, bands.
 Yet we must understand ther's mighty ods,
 Betwixt the Commons, and terrestrial Gods.
 Angels guard us, archangels wait on them,
 Secure their persons, and protect the Realme
 For Monarks sakes: let the world know that Kings,
 Are gods on earth, and consecrated things.
 Precious 'ish sight of God, in state most high,
 Who touch 'em, touch the apple of Gods eye.
Semei may barke, *Achitophel* counsel give,
 But how long after did these traytors live?
 The polititian, farewell gently takes
 Of all his freinds, and with decorum makes
 (If hanging have a decency) an end
 Of 's loathed life. *Semei* is made a friend,
 To the restored King; but with this law
 (Which whilst he lives shal keep him stil in awe)
 He must not leave his house: some few years passe,
 His servants run away; mounting his Affe
 He brings 'em back againe. 'Tis told the Prince,
 And *Semei* dyes for's first, and last offence.
 (Gods scourge oretaking (though 'tis sometimes long)
 Still subjects, who dare doe their Monarks wrong.)
 But though high powers guard Kings, yet we may see,
 How to their subjects spleens they subject be.

No such dependant Monarchie in Heaven,
 Where nothing by the subject can be given,
 That was not Gods before: their very being
 Glorious endowments, beatifque seeing.
 For pleasure, not for want of power or skill,
 He makes the Angels actors of their will.
 Nor feares he mutinies; lov's the onely law,
 Of their obedience, and a filyall awe.
 Should any rise (which cannot be) one frowne;
 Would easily cast to Hell the Rebels downe.

Mith. 12.

Dan. 10.

Pf. 81.

Zech. 2.

Reg. 2. cap. 16.

ib. 17.

ibid. 19.

Reg 3 cap. 2.

Who acts al things, above, beneath the Sun,
Needs no informers to know what is done.

The greatest Monark governs, as well clounes,
As Kings : in Heaven all are Kings, all weare crownes.
Nor can we reckon the innumeros list,

Apos. 7.
Galat. 4.

Of Gods apparent heys, coheys with Christ.
Commanders of his Military Bands,
Who for their brave exploits by Gods owne hands,
Have Diadems set on every Victors front,
Of precious stones, and every stone has on't
The trophees they have rear'd by Victories got,
As with the Devill, World, and Flesh they fought.

Thus is our Sions government in all
Points most compleat, truly Monarchicall.

To

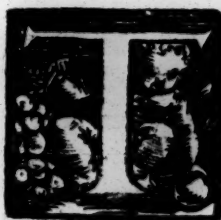
To the right Honourable, *Thomas*
Lord Brudenol, Master *Robert* Brudenol
his Son, and my learned Friend, Master
James Tate.

Sermo Octavus.

The Argument.

~~~~~  
*All good here scant'd, if a Man have wealth,  
He wants or wit to use it, or wants health.  
This witty as Achitophel; but his case,  
As poore as Iobs, or worse: for he wants grace.  
Onely in Heaven these Three are friendly joyn'd,  
Health, Wealth, and choise endowments of the Mind:  
Then the fourth Good on these Three former waites,  
Angels, Archangels, Patriarcks are your mates:  
With Prophets, Martyrs, Doctors to their King,  
Melodious Allelujas you shall sing.*

~~~~~



He end of Common weales is to procure,
A temporall happinesse, and put in ure,
All means conducent to that purpose, this
Obtain'd they rest contented with such blisse?
Was ever Rome, Sparta, or Athens blest,
With such a happinesse? Lets view the rest,
Of Common-wealths; they often chang'd their formes
Of government, to be secur'd from stormes.
Now Kings, now Peers, now Commons, now commixt,
All three; no policy long standing fixt.

Which

Which shews that all your Common-wealths are lame,
Gaine not their ends, but onely at them aime.

Are private men more happy? Let us see

Aristot. Ethic.

What's requisite to our felicity.

A plenteous fortune, Dowries of the minde,
To which the bodys health must be adjoyn'd.
(Does not such blisse stand on a ticklish point,
The Gout, or head-ach can put out of joynt?)

Then choyle associates must accumulate,

The full fruition of a blessed state:

And 'tis extension of a private good,
When friends pertake in our Beaitrude.

Such have blind Fortunes various changes bren,

That never yet a Common-wealth was seene,

Or single man, in whom these blessings joyn'd,

Friends, health, the goods of fortune, and the Minde.

In wrongs was *Alexander* fortunate,

His friends unfaithfull, minde intemperate.

What was his fury? what his drunkenness?

When he slue *Clitus*, and *Callisthenes*.

Virtues in others can this Prince off'nd,

Which were they his, heed' in himselfe commend.

What can content this brain-sick young mans minde?

When what his foes cannot, himselfe will finde

A want in his owne greatness: *Philips* son,

Though Asia he subdu'd has nothing done,

Because *Perdiccas* hath a warlike brest,

Lyfimachus amongst his Chieftaines best,

Can lead an Army. *Attalus* brave gate,

A shadow cast on *Alexanders* state.

Selencus is magnanimous, and where,

Dangers and death are most apparent, there

He will be formost, *Ptolomy* does rest

In Fortunes lap, all his attempts are blest.

Thus envy has, as *Argus* many eyes,

Above, beneath, on every side shee spies.

We hate Superiours, because they are so,

We feare least our Inferiours equall grow.

We

We look a squint on such we fellows see,
And have a jealousie theyle better be.

The best of Romans, and most worthy man,
Was *Scipio* Major, surnam'd African,
Was he accomplish'd? no, though wherein weake,
His noble Wife can, but disdains to speake.

*Valerius Max-
imus.*

Omitting these, wee come to *Solomon*,
A type of the Messias, *Dauids* son:
This Monarck by his subjects even ador'd
For wisdom, with all rich endowments stor'd:
Well kend all plants, and could describe the tall
Cedar as well, as th' Hysope of the wall:

He knew all secrets, and could make his texts,
The causes influences on their effects:
He well was vers'd in what few mortals know,
Whence it proceeds; why these, and those winds blow.
And what learn'd *Aristotle* put beside,

His wits, he knew the ebbing of the Tyde,
And the reflux: whether the Moone be cause
Th' Ocean in both observes such constant lawes.
Taught by omniscious God, he knew the motions
Of all the Orbs, and how their revolutions
Sway sublunary things, and whether those
Have a predominance in joyes and woes.

Whether our *Lilie* or his *Booker* erre,
Or we must *Wharton* before them both prefer:
Had he writ Almanacks, (and sure he had
Such knowledge, halfe whereof would have made mad
All our Astrologers) by this we had seene,
What th' end of all our troubles would have been.

Siith these by Prophets onely are foretold,
For we are masters of our arts and hold
Our Fortunes in our hands: stars may incline,
But not necessitate thy will or mine.

Had he turn'd Alchymist (as many say
He did) he would have taken the right way;
To make projection come, and not with brags
Of *Pern's* mines, have gone himselfe in rags,

As our impostures doe, who rich men cheat,
 Onely to sneak in ratters and to eate.
 The Rabbins tell, so powerfull was his skill,
 That th' aerie potentates obeyd his will;
 And that in pity knowing how much hurt,
 Is done to mankind by this glistering durt,
 Cal'd Gold, the sinews of unnaturall war,
 Lust, and ambition; and how Lawyers are
 Furnish'd by this to feed eternall strife,
 'Twixt friend and dearest friend, man and his wife;
 And if men get the Philosophick stone,
 All would be rich, proud, and luxurious, none
 Go the right way; he therefore th' Angels bound,
 By a strong oath, that whensoever they found,
 Projection, neare to come, they should like thunder,
 Fall on th' Alembiks, and break all asunder,
 And ever since projection has been spū,
 Even to the latest day: then al's undone.
 Though Empericks whine and sweare some grievous fault
 Has crush their stils, and made their science halt.

Our *Solomon* had a full theorie
 Of all the morall arts: Oeconomie,
 How we should rule our house, how rule a state,
 How our unruly passions subjugate.
 How we should children rule, and if we can,
 Make every wife obeisant to her man.
 What all surmounts by gift of prophecy,
 He could the mysteries of our Church foresee;
 And to one God a sumptuous Temple reare,
 Prefiguring that which Jesus here
 Founded: although to this inferiour far,
 As to prototypous all shadows are.
 Then wrapt with heavenly fires chaste hymns enroule,
 Wherewith the Spoule shall court the Church, the soule,
 (His compheres) and as this musician sings,
 The amorous embraces of his Kings,
 In strong allusions, and harmonious ayres,
 What are his owne perfections he declares.

Prov.
 Eccles.

3 Reg.

His

His comely body was a curious house,
For a composed soule. His Memphian spouse
Itth' following song thus shall her consort greet.

• The fragrant roses and white lyllyes meet,
• In my loves face, his forme surpasseth far,
• The sons of men! th' attractive graces are,
• Dancing about his lips, when heele decide
• Some doubtfull case, or else his wit is tryde
• In parables, what Combs of hony flow,
• What heavenly elocution does he show?
• Kings and Domestick, all astonish'd gaze
• Upon him, and the happy fortunes praise,
• Of the worst Meniall of his house, who stands,
• And hears as well his wisdoms, as commands.
• If these enjoy such blisse, how great is hers,
• Whom to his bed, and bosome he prefers,
• His loyall consort, Empreffe, turtle Dove,
• His friend, compleatly faire, his onely Love?

Will you behold the royall majesty,
Of Spanish Kings? travell to Sicily,
Or else at Naples, view the Viceroyes port,
And all the glorious circumstance of Court.
But if youle see Magnificence indeed,
To *Salems* new adorned city speed.
There youle behold a mighty Prince command,
From the Sea shore to swift Euphrates strand,
Potent in horse and foot: innumerable fums,
Of coyne, of Serean silks, Arabian Gums,
Odours of Saba; every neighbour King,
Courts him with presents, or does Tribute bring.
His Fleet (in a firme league of friendship joyn'd,
With Tyrian Hiram) shall mount Ophir finde,
And marking when the Lyons goe to pray,
Seaze on the precious Ore, and bring't away:
(For Ophir Lyons dig, and watch those Mines,
Of purer dust which covetous man refines,
And spreads about the world to maintaine what,
Ambition, lust, wrath, envy, levell at.)

Cant.

Psal. 44.

3 Reg.

R. 3. c. 9.

Lyr. ib.

Psal. 44.

3 Reg. 10.

3 Reg.

Ecclef. 3.

Now view this glorious Monarck sit alone,
 (Like some terrestriall God on's Ivory throne)
 Or the resplendent Sun at noon dayes pride,
 His Memphian Empreffe sitting by his side,
 In a rich pearl-imbroidered Cyclad dight,
 (Resembling the faire mistresse of the night.)
 Two massie Lyons made of beaten gold,
 On either side the high-set-throne uphold :
 Six steps th' ascent : a dozen Lyons are,
 Of the same metall guarding every staire.
 A world of Grandees wait upon their Prince,
 Admiring his full answers, and deep sence :
 Either as he Embassadors shall grace,
 Or else enucleate some ambiguous case :
 For pleasures now what were his house and court ?
 A City this, that Eden full of sport.
 Ordered so well that every meniall knowes
 His proper duties, and discharges those
 Without disturbance to the rest, all move
 In their owne centrike lines as do's behove,
 Vassalles of *Solomon* : the plaines, the woods,
 Yield profit and delight ; the springs, the floods,
 To fish-ponds turn'd, and made inhabitants,
 About his house to water trees, flowers, plants.
 When he feeds, every element combines
 To grace his board : the earth her richest wines.
 Sea, earth, and ayre, present fish, fowle, and beasts,
 And every day he makes Apician feasts.
 At all his banquets, massie plate behold,
 Cups, Tankards, Flagons, all of purest gold,
 Embost with Jems : For gold, pearles, diamonds,
 Abounded there, as rise as precious stones.
 What stately Masques, where wit with bravery strives,
 Presented are before him, and his wives,
 And concubines ? (a thousand) every one,
 So gracious, might be a Prototypon,
 And single give ingenious *Zephus* lawes,
 When for rich *Croton* he a Goddesse drawes,

At every straine such musique charmes their eares,
May paralell with the Harmonious spheres.

Such was the life of *Solomon*, and sure,
If you will character an Epicure,
Envelop'd in all pleasures, doe but look,
And seriously, upon this Monarcks book,
And you must grant an happinesse, if this
Low Orbe, and all things in't can yeeld a blisse.
But *Moore*s, and *Plato*'s Common-weals have been
Fancied ingeniously, though never seen.
And *Xenophon* with a neat pen could draw
A curious Cyrus, whom the world nere saw.

Eccles. 2.

So *Aristotle* form'd a happy man,
In his owne braine, which no age could or can,
Or shall behold: Riches, and outward things,
Are temporary. Pleasure brings
No constant blisse: are wives, and women ware,
More precious? let our Ancestors declare
The worth of these. What is for silver sold,
Lesse valued is then Silver, lesse then gold:
A Wife by Gods command the Prophet buyes,
And with her having paid his Sicles lyes:
A Kings first daughter chaffer'd for the skins,
And flippits of preputiate Philistins.
We goe beyond their wisdome; now 'tis common,
Without a Dowry few will take a woman.
Five thousand, twenty, forty thousand crownes,
Laid downe upon the naile; wardrobes of gownes,
And rich attire, jewels prepar'd before
Shee enters her dread Lord, and husbands dore.
Yet notwithstanding all this stir and cost,
The haplesse husbands have by th' bargaine lost.
For some such shrews, or rather Furies are,
Their husband's better be without 'em far.

Osea. 3.

Reg. 1. 18.

What are your Empires? what your large commands?
So many severall cares, as severall lands.
What are your stately masques? ingenious playes?
Wit uttered, shewes perform'd by Popinjays.

Besides this transitory life's so short,
That passing we can onely look at sport,
Not fit by it; that thread, the life of man
Spins out, fitly resembled to a span.

Math. 6.

What's *Solomon* on his Imperiall Throne,
His Grandees all attending, every one
Praising his wisdom? Despicable clay,
Accourred well, set forth in rich array:
Yet thus set forth a Lilly withering streight,
Shall quite eclipse this gaudy Monarchs state.
If wisdom, learning, erudition bring
Felicity; we must confesse this King
A happy man: but he himselfe shall grant,
Where's much affliction, likewise ther's much want

Eccles. 1.

Of happinesse: though sciences delight,
Yet what a toyle is studying day and night,
To purchase arts; and when all's done none know,
What animates a dog, a cat, a crow.

We see when any such poore creature dyes,
The senselesse carkasse without motion lyes.
Death some thing must destroy, some thing divide,
That soule and body hath together tyde.
The union's lost, where is, and what is that?
Did constitute a crow, a dog, a cat.

We cannot tell, more then in generall,
How we these actuating soules should call.

We have surveigh'd the world and nothing finde,
Which can beatific mans restless mind:
Created to be happy: must this end,
Be frustrate? must we toyle, and labour spend
In vaine? No! we will fly with wings of love
To heaven; and finde beatitude above.

The state of joy and pleasure, is the will,
The object either reall good or ill,
Yet such as clothes it selfe in the antique tye
Of good: the senses when what they desire,
They have, transmit to th' soule (their Queene) delight,
Which issues from the hearing, tast, smell, sight.

That

That pleasure is the soules, we are easily taught;
Because the will, or else some penfive thought
Can curbe all pleasure in exterior tane.
Yea more, convert all pleasure into paine.

Faire *Alcebia* the search, and object is
Oth' understanding, and its proper blisse
Is formall verity: How are we glad,
When certaine demonstrations can be had,
In any science? through what labours run,
To finde how, where, by whom, such deeds were done?
Pleasures belong to th' will, and to know much
Gives the understanding great contentment: such
Knowledge have Sions Citizens; they know
All things; as torrents, so their pleasures flow.
A torrent, blessing the overwhelmed meads,
Derives his Origen from severall heads:
Heaven-threatening mountaines in abundance send,
Their fleecy snowes; the neighbouring rivers lend
Friendly their streames, heavens cataracts fly ope,
The earth to all her flood-gates gives full scope:
So shall there be a confluence of all good,
To make compleat the Saints beatitude.
Will, understanding, memory, every Sence,
Shall freely give a large benevolence.

*Torrente volapi-
tatis tue peraffi-
cet.
Psal. 38.*

A body so exact in every part,
That skilfull nature cannot mend, nor art
Make better, after the age of Christ; for he,
As author, so th' exemplar cause must be
Of the Saints blisse; full of agility,
Can when it will through the aerie Kingdomes flie.
Drakes Ship as a rare monument was kept,
At *Debtfors*, 'cause she had the Ocean swept;
Encompassing the world, and ere the Sun
Had thrice his course through th' oblique Zodiack run,
Circled the coasts of parched Africa,
Of Asia, Europe, and America.
What is this world compar'd to heaven? a span,
To fifty leagues. Yet the Saints bodies can,

Ephes. 4.

*The dowries
of a glorified
body.*

Agility

Ad

- As soone as the swift sun all regions see,
 And at the journeyes end not wearied be.
 Then how pellucid bodyes made divine
 By glory are? how radiantly they shine.
- Claritis.* Here they were Tabernacles (though of clay,)
 In which soules deare to God, a while made stay,
 Organs oth' divine glory; so *Pauls* tongue,
 Through th' Universe, Gods praise, and Gospell sung,
- AA.* Orethrew Idolatry, orethrew false Gods,
 His body for the true God scourg'd with rods.
- 1 Cor. 11.* Orewhelm'd with stones; in perils on the Maine,
 His head by th' sword from off his shoulders tane.
 These severall members for the severall wounds,
 Shall be adorn'd with severall Diamonds.
- Anadems of glory circle that blest front,
 Gyrlands of richest Jewels set upon't.
- AA. 7.* The Proto-Martyrs body black and blew,
 With stones shall shine in a most fulgent hue.
- Subtiltie.* Such glorious dowries, the Saints bodyes grace,
 That rocks and hardest marble must give place.
 To make them way, nor can they suffer harme,
- Impassibility* By any sword manag'd by th' strongest arme.
 Subject to woes, to blowes, to torments here,
 Senselesse of woes, of blowes, of torments there.
- Parch'd *Afriks* glory (borne in's mothers eyes)
 (An happier issue of her holy cries,
 Then of her wombe) would magnifie three lights
 Above all other temporall delights.
- S. Aug.* To see our Saviour in that flesh araid,
 In which he was to the false Jewes betraid,
 By Gentiles crucified, rose from the grave,
 And by his death did Jewes and Gentiles save.
- 1.* To heare the Doctor of the Gentiles *Paul*,
 Either in the Athenian judgement Hall,
 From th' unknowne statue fit occasion take,
 And to his auditors a Sermon make :
- AA. 17.* Or in the Synagogues, n'trust the Jewes,
 How he whom they so barbarously did use,

Naild to the Crosse should with much glory come,
To give all Mortals an impartiall doome.
Or else before the Roman Presidents,
Thundring Gods judgements, and what punishments
Attend transgressors, with his Rhetorick make
Affrighted *Felix* and *Drusilla* quake.
Then what a glorious sight wil't be to see,
Great Rome in all her former Majesty?
Or in *Augustus*, or *Vespasians* time,
Proud with the Trophees of the Easter clime?
The spoiles of Nations *Cesars* bringing forth
In Ovant pompe, what in the South and North
Was rich, and glorious: Souldiers crown'd with Bayes,
Echoing in Pæans their Commanders praise.

Rome at the greatest was but thirty miles
About; had for its household-stuffe the spoiles
Of the whole World: the riches of all Realmes,
Arabian Gums, and gold, Egyptian Gems.
What's thirty miles to Sions amplitude?
What's the worlds treasure to Beatitude?
We speake a Citie, where large Kingdomes are
The gracefull streets: Rome, Babylon, Grand Caire,
But simple Cottages compar'd with ours,
Their Pallaces, their high-Heaven-threatning Towers,
But sties for swine: though we fond mortals cry
Emup, not knowing true Felicity.

Heavenly Jerusalem with jems is built,
The Wals, the Battlements, the Turrets guilt,
The streets are pav'd with Saphire, Ophir stones,
Berill, rich Carbuncles, and Uniones,
In such a Citie, (when the blest foules must,
Be reunited to their wonted dust,
Compleated by that Union) the Saints shall
Have lordly domination over all
The World, and seated in Majestick chaires,
Judge Nations, heires of God, with Christ coheires.
Be conversant with him, humbly adore,

K

Ag. 13. 14. &c.

23.

Ag. 24.

Apoc. 21.

Tob. 13.

Sap. 3.

Rom. 8.

And

Apoc.

And kisse those wounds by which he triumph'd ore
The grave, and Hell ; acknowledge his sole blood,
The onely price of their Beatitude.

Therefore with the Elders every Saint casts downe
Prostrate at Jesus feet his royall Crowne.

Not onely in the mirrour of Gods minde,
You shall the Apostles, *Paul*, *John*, *Peter* finde,
But all the Patriarcks, Martyrs, Doctors see,
Converse, and with 'em most familiar be.
Heare every passage of their lives and deathes,
How the stout Martyrs purchased their wreathes.
Heare *Paul* relate through what Seas he did wade,
What dangers scap't, where, what Orations made,
And before whom ; what good his Sermons wrought,
And who by them into the Church were brought.
And as he speakes, so act at every straine,
That you would think you heard him preach againe.

Your understanding shall be lightened so,
That you the severall Hierarchies shall know,
See perfectly what now, wee but in trust,
Take up ; if every Individuum must
Bee a severall Species by it selfe, and God
Must needs of the same Forme create an od ;
Suppose, if two of the same forme heele make,
He must our Mother, the first Hyle take.
But these are Nicities : Your principall
Happinesse is God, whose Vision includes all
May satistic. What's done in Heaven, the Son,
By his Father got : active Spiration.
How these embracing mutually conspire,
From both their hearts, to give eternall fire
Its Origen : which sent by them shall move,
In such a circle, that with ardent love
The World shall burne, acknowledging a Law,
That shall both Jewes and Gentiles keep in awe.
A Law not of sterne threats and fetters made,
To compell man ; but gently shall perswade,

Attracte

Zach:

Attracte with tyes of love, no more command,
Then what may easily with practice stand.

Let's well observe what things are requisite
To draw from Scientificke arts delight,
So shall we know what they, and how much pleasure
Enjoy, who purchast have this hidden treasure.

A power, a faculty, apt to conceive,
And from proportion'd objects formes receive;
And knowledge, and delight, compleater be,
According to the objects dignitie.

This power cognoscitive must be combine,
With th' object, and the closer it is joynde,
The more it knowes, receives the more content,
And both increase when th' object's excellent.

Can any object be like God? of good,
The fountaine, in himselfe Beatitude.

Of bounty, mercy, justice, a vast Ocean;
Whose every verue, every single notion
Speaks an abyse of worth; where filly sheepe
May wade, Elephants may swim, not reach the deep.

With this sea of perfections, sea of good,
The soul's so joynd, tis swallowed in the flood.

Immerg'd so deeply in that vast abyse,
That with it one, and the same spirit 'tis.
Knowes all his immanent acts, sees all respects,
Which his All-potent hand has to effe.

Is entred to all Gods joyes, and in joyes
Made one with God, all treasures, pleasures, joyes.

Gods all in all things, and whom he unites
So neerly to him, with him all delights

Pertakes; nor need the blessed journeys take,
To seek Beatitude; God alone will make

Them happy, having in himselfe all store
Of bounty, mercy, justice, wisdom, power.

And such an object how must it distill,
Torrents of pleasures on the ravish'd will?

How shall our memorie, that rich Magazin,

1.

2.

3.

1 Cor. 6.

1 Cor. 15.

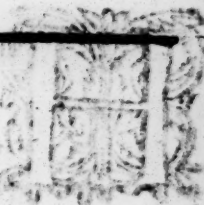
Psal.

Of all Ideas showing what has been,
 Is extant, shall exist, before us lay
 All acts from the Worlds cradle to this day?
 Present all passages through our life run,
 The many favours God for us hath done:
 The many dangers we have scapt, the fights,
 We had against the world, the flesh, the slights
 Of Satan, how God aided with his grace,
 And brought us Conquerours to this happy place,
 Where (our browes circled with triumphant bayes)
 Eternally we shall his mercies praise.
 Then we surveigh the worlds Chronologic,
 And entring in Gods Cabinet counsell see,
 Why he so oft hath suffered just men here
 To be oppress'd, the wicked domineere.
 Plainely perceive these miserable times,
 To issue from the deluge of our crimes.
 Our bloody sins have made so loud a cry,
 Nothing can cure us but Phlebotomie.
 We did abhor the very name of Peace,
 The clamour of the Drum shall never cease.
 We chase Religion out the Land, not any
 One can content us, now we have too many.
 Did too much plenty cause a surquedrie?
 Famine shall cure it, and much penurie.
 The stock of cattle spent, a barren yeare
 Shall Victuals make, and Corne excessive deare.
 Excises shall set up on every score,
 Adde to the famine, and undoe the poore.
 Necessity caus'd taxes, the same Law,
 Must keep 'em up to keep the rout in awe.
 Why did th' ambitious Horse endure the bit,
 To chase the hart, then would be free from it?
 But can't; who thrust themselves into a yoake,
 Deserve to beare untill their backs be broke.
 The Saints shall see why God permits all this,
 And not a jot be troubled in their blisse.

For those blest Citizens of Sion be,
As well from trouble; as from sicknesse free.
Nor can their Kin, or dearest friends annoy,
Though knowne, diminish their eternall joy.
For mercies towards themselves, to God they owe,
And praise his justice in Delinquents woe.

K₃

To



To the right Honourable, *Edward*,
 Earle of Dorset, *Richard*, Lord Buckhurst
 his Son, and my truly honoured Friend,
 Doctor *Samuel Turner*.

Sermo Novus.

The Argument.

*Man labouring like the Spider, when al's done,
 Tis but a simple Cobweb he hath spun.
 The Egipt will with his Armies come
 Abroad, to gaine what he enjoys at home.
 Well may we learne of the industrious Ant,
 To gather treasures 'gainst the time of want.
 Such is that dreadfull day when all soules shall
 In publike audience, give account of all
 Their life. The good mounting in heaven shall dwell,
 The bad descenda downe to th' abyss of Hell.*

*How does the Spider toile, and when al's done
 Tis but a silly cobweb shee hath spun:
 Worth nothing, of no durance, every blast
 Can break it, with a dish of water cast,
 It falls; or foone when shee makes cleane the
 (roome
 Sweeps downe the Cobweb, and with her long broome,
 The Spider kills; from heavens embroydered hall,
 The Angels see (who with one aft view all*

That's

Thats done on earth, (so doe the Devils too,
And crave such acts as to their nature due.)
Fond men with the laborious Spider toile
By day and night are troubled, keep a coile,
To purchase Lands, and Titles, and all done,
'Tis but a silly Cobweb they have spun.
Your goods, your lands, your glorious titles be,
Expos'd to Fortunes mutability.
The Senates anger, or a Kings displeasure,
Commands your liberty, life, honours, treasure.
How many Princes, mounted even to th' top
Of Fortunes wheele, have falne? and without hope
Ever to rise; who but the other day,
Ore many Nations had Monarchicke sway?
How many wealthy men, even in our times,
Either for reall or supposed Crimes,
Have been dispos'd of all? and know no more
Of their vast treasures, but that heretofore,
They had abundance: And 'tis no releife,
To have been happy, but a greater grieve.
So rich men onely dreame of goods and lands,
And waking graspe just nothing in their hands.
A sicknesse foiles the choicest beauties grace,
Time leaves his furrowes in the smoothest face.

Psal. 76.

Wast not a frensie in the Epyrot
To boast when his Victorious sword had got,
Great Rome and Italie; he would wast ore,
And land his forces on the Lybick shore.
Africk subdu'd, hee'd conquer France and Spaine,
Then Asia, and the Easterne Regions gaine.
The sage Philosopher demanding leave,
Thus does the haughty Pyrrhus undeceive.
'What title have you to invade these lands?
'Tis not the number of acquirde commands
'Makes Monarcks potent? rather such are weake,
'Who in their Conquests lawes of justice breake.

*Plutarch in
vita Pyrrhi.*

Pyrrhus. 'Doe not I lyneally claime my descent,
'From great Achilles, who to Ilium went?

And

' And *Neoptolemus* his warlike son,
 ' Who sackt the Citie of *Lomedon*.
 ' I tell thee *Cineas* thy friend *Pyrhus* springs
 ' From *Alexander*, and *Molosian* Kings.
 ' Who like *Joves* thunder through the world did flie,
 ' Imp'd with the plumes of nimble Victory.
 ' And of the East a speedy conquest made;
 ' And had there been more worlds, my Kinsmans blade
 ' Had all subdu'd. From great *Aeacides*,
 ' My mother, from renowned *Hercules*
 ' My father drawes his stem; from both my blood,
 ' And both excite me to be great and good.
 ' Feare argues basenesse, Demi-gods and Kings,
 ' Are borne t' attempt, and act Heroick things.
 ' Have I degenerated? did not these hands
 ' Defeat *Demetrins*, and his bay-crownd bands?
 ' When I was young, whose valour but mine owne
 ' Worth could restore me to my Fathers throne?
 ' Here *Cyneas* smiles, and pitying much his Prince,
 ' (Pardon first beg'd, thus speakes without offence.
 ' Ist not a folly (Sir) to vaunt of blood?
 ' When such are onely Noble, who are good.
 ' And tis a signe of small inherent worth,
 ' When kin and cloathes are urg'd to set us forth.
 ' True worth and vertue not by deed of gift
 ' Or birth descend, but we must make a shift
 ' To purchase 'em. Such are more noble, who
 ' (First) raise a house, then they who (last) undoe.
 ' As valiant deeds, so kindred then are best,
 ' When others, not our selves the same shall test.
 ' Gaurus cures any sicknesse, if not nam'd,
 ' Speake Gaurus, and his Energie is main'd.
 ' 'Tis brave to do exploit worth the Pen
 ' Of *Homer*, and *Herodotus*, but then
 ' Beware to be the trumpe of your owne praise,
 ' Let Courts and Cottages your trophies blaze.
 ' For noble vertue like some streame that's deepe,
 ' A constant, but a silent course will keepe.

When

' When shallow Riv'lets, which on Pibles glide,
 ' Make louder noice then Seas at a full tide.
 ' Alive we build no Monuments of Fame,
 ' To our owne memory, but leave the same
 ' To progenie : The father tels his son,
 ' The worthy acts his Ancestors have done :
 ' So we acquire addition to our glory,
 ' When we being silent others speake our story.
 ' But tell me (Prince) when what yo' intend is done,
 ' And we have conquer'd all, where th' humble Sun
 ' Declines, and where hee gloriously appeares :
 ' How shall we spend the remnant of our yeares ?

' *Pyrrhus* to this replies, Then comming back
 ' To our native Land, wee free from cares drink Sack,
 ' Fare jovially, consume the dayes and nights,
 ' In banquets, revellings, and fresh delights.
 ' Wearied with sports, our choifest Captive Dames,
 ' Shall set our bloods on fire, then quench our flames.
 ' The ayre, the land, the Ocean shall conspire,
 ' To furnish us with what we two desire.

' Why all this stir ? why must we goe so far,
 ' Expose our selves to th' hazard of a war ?
 ' Suffer the heat of dayes, the cold of nights ?
 ' Such Victories obtain'd enter new fights ?
 ' Suppose we conquer Rome, Africk, Spaine, France,
 ' In Asia our victorious flags advance,
 ' What have we got ? lets cast up our account,
 ' To how much does the totall summe amount ?
 ' That *Pyrrhus* and his *Cineas* comming back,
 ' T our native Land may free from cares drink Sack,
 ' Fare jovially, consume the dayes and nights,
 ' In banquets, revellings, and fresh delights.

But cannot *Pyrrhus* and his *Cineas* doe
 All this in Epire ? why should we run through
 So many dangers ; wherefore fight and rome ?
 When we may have this happinesse at home.

O foolish mortals, senselesse cares of men,
 To leave what we enjoy'd at home, and then

To seek't abroad, with tosse of limbs, and lives;
 Our daughters rapes, deflouring of our Wives.
 Had we not peace? what have we got by wars?
 But undone families, but death, but scars,
 (The tests of civill fights) with English gore
 Wee are forc'd to purchase what we had before,
 And might have still enjoy'd, had we not been
 Selfe-authors of our mischiefs, and brought in,
 All the destructive plagues that wait upon
 A Common-weale rent by dissention.
 A state before indifferently good,
 Turn'd shambles, an Archeldam of blood.
 And slaughtered corps; 'tis true, before w^e had many
 Religions with us, now we scarce have any.
 And what must be deplor'd with gushing teares,
 Weake hopes of better, but of worse strong feares.

Yet now (with *Pyrrhus*) we have conquer'd all,
 Lets buy strife in a just funerall.

As Christians ought, know the best end of blowes
 Is clemencie, and to forgive our foes.

Such moderation *Caesar* made
 More lov'd and fam'd then his victorious blade.

That conquer'd *Caesar's* foes; but mercy takes
Caesar, and of him selfe a conquerour makes.

They're Wolves and Beares, who on dead Bodies pray,
 The Lyon scornes a prostrate foe to slay.

Is't not Gods chiefest attribute to show
 Much mercie to transgressors? such who know

To pardon injuries resemble God,
 Who more delights in favours then the Rod.

Habac. 3.

And in the midst of's fury does asswage,
 With clemency the rigour of his rage.

Gen. 3.

So when his doome strikes our first parents dead,
 The Womans seed shall bruise the Serpents head.

And when the world is swallowed up in waves,
 Just *Noah* and his Family God saves,

To be a future Nursery of men,
 And to make populous the world agen.

Shall sins against our selves be thought almost,
 As great as sins against the Holy Ghost,
 Ne're to be pardon'd? shall our children rue,
 And childrens children (what they never knew)
 Their Grandfathers errors? If erroneous be,
 To serve, t'obey, to fight for Majesty,
 Dare we presume we have a Deitie,
 In us to cast on faults infinitie?
 Are we not mortall men? and shall we beare
 Immortall enmities? Will we not feare,
 Like retributions at Gods hands? Can we
 For sins against that supream Majesty,
 Done by us vermine, who to God compar'd
 Are nothing, hope by th' same God to be heard,
 When we forgiveness aske for Talents ought,
 Our selves forgiving not a petty fault?
 Will nothing satisfie? but deaths, but bands,
 But sequestrations of mens goods and lands,
 Will we not feare? will we not stand in awe,
 Of the like recompence? or Talions Law?
 How did we handle *Strafford*? how grave *Laud*?
 We made a rod for them; now the same rod,
 Scourges our selves, as our owne Souldiers plead,
 They trace our steps, who first this dance dar't lead.

Psal.

Matth. 18.

*The Armies
 remonstrance
 concerning
 the impeach-
 ment, and
 suspending of
 the eleven
 Members.*

How doe the Angels smile to see poore Ants,
 More wise then the worlds chiefe inhabitants;
 They toyle, they labour, gather here and there,
 To hoard up graine against the following yeare:
 When they are sure by winters frosts and raines,
 To be besieg'd, therefore take all his paines,
 To fortifie their hold; but man that knowes,
 Not whether in the Sabbath, or the snowes
 Of winter, he shall take his flight; (both times,
 Unfit to travell into distant climes)
 Provides not for his journie, scarce demands,
 What coine goes currant in remoter Lands.
 Sound faith, firme hope, love, hospitality,
 Patience in trouble, meeknesse, piety.

Matth. 24.

These when our soule does the fraile body leave,
Shall in eternall mansions it receive.

And when we all by th' Angels summond must
Be reunited to our wonted dust,

And Christ appeare in his majestick state
Of glory, in the vale of *Josaphat*;

Myriads of Angels waiting on their prince,
(All of the Judges verdict in suspense.)

These shall conduct you up to Christs right hand,
Where without dread securely you shall stand,

And see the Book of Consciences liad ope,
And all our actions done under the Cope

Of heaven made knowne, then heare the Judges votes,
Remunerating Sheepe, condemning Goates.

' Ingratefull wretches why have you misus'd,

' Those treasures I have given you, why abuse?

' Your Stewardship, not knowing, or not caring,

' How I to thousand others have been sparing,

' To you most bountifull? your labours blest,

' Your sheep, your oxen, and your stocks increast;

' Your eares of corne yielding a hundred fold,

' Your Ships return'd loaded with spice and gold.

' And why all this? that your superfluous store,

' Should finde out, pity, and relieve the poore.

' Amongst the needy distribute your pelfe,

' Whom I esteem'd my Brethren: more, my selfe.

' But your boards furnish'd with choise Kates and Wines,

' Distressed *Lazarus* at your threshold pines.

' You strut in silks and purple, *Lazarus* begs

' Your crums to satisfie his hunger, rags

' To cloth his nakednesse, bind up his wounds,

' But finds more mercifull then you, your Hounds.

' You cruell men, what pleasure did you take?

' When you could severall Goales and Prisons make

' To torture poore offenders; as if God,

' Had not for you as well a scourging rod,

' As them: did ever your superfluous store,

' Comfort a prisoner, or relieve the poore?

' How

- How many starv'd in prisons thither sent,
- Even for no crimes, at your commandement?
- And being petition'd for poore men in clogs,
- You cryde out, let 'em famish, hang 'em dogs.
- Thus you your Christian brethren did abuse,
- As if for they, or rather you were Jewes;
- Put in authority, you so did beare,
- With cruelty your state, as if you were,
- Not as are other men, but Wolves or Fiends,
- Still seeking blood for private splens, and ends.
- Deafe to laments of others, with false lies,
- Detractions, slanders, feares, and jealousies,
- Cozoning the world; making the multitude,
- Your instruments in shedding guiltlesse blood.
- So at the Priests command, the rabble cride
- When I was judg'd, Let him be Crucifi'd.
- When help'd you widowes, and the fatherlesse?
- When gave you lodging to the harbourlesse?
- Wretches pack hence to subterranean vaults,
- Prepared for the Devils and their faults.

This sentence given; with flashes, and with thunder,
The yawning earth shall forthwith rive a sunder,
And swallowing in her jawes, convey to Hell
The damn'd, who there eternally shall yell.
And waile in flames their most accursed state,
With Devils whom they here did imitate.

- Christ gently turning toward's the elect his face,
Speakes mildly, but with a Majestick grace.
- You blessed of my Father, come, pertake
 - That kingdome, and those joyes which for your sake
 - When the foundation of the world was layd,
 - By God predestinated were and made;
 - For when my members beg'd from dore to dore,
 - You gently did support them with your store:
 - When hungry, fed 'em, thirsty, gave 'em drinke,
 - Nor were you frighted with the loathsome stinke
 - Of cut-throat Goales, but when they lay in gives
 - Your supreme charitie, preserv'd their lives;

' When they were sick you ministred unto 'em,
 ' When they were wounded, and the Priest not knew 'em,
 ' Nor Levite, you like the true Samarite,
 ' Taking compassion from your Horse did lide,
 ' Bound up their wounds, and brought 'em to an Inne,
 ' Which you had made an ample Magazin
 ' Of Chirurgerie for the sick, and with much pity,
 ' Erected Hospitals in every City.
 ' And you who for profession of my word,
 ' And Church, and faith, dreaded nor fire, nor sword;
 ' Courageously shedding your noble blood,
 ' Have swum with Israel through a crimson flood.
 ' You sowed my Gospels seed the whole world ore,
 ' And rain'd on it your owne fructiferous gore,
 ' To make it grow; and deem'd it your chiefe fame,
 ' To suffer ignominy for my Name.
 ' You wept when you went forth to sow this seed,
 ' But now with joy you shall receive your meed:
 ' Bringing along with you those soules to Heaven,
 ' To whom you faith have and salvation given.
 ' You learned Doctors deckt with virdant bayes,
 ' Shall issue forth as the fresh morne your raies.
 ' You guided others in the way of right,
 ' And now shall shine as stars in' gloomy night.
 This speech being ended with triumphant cries,
 The judge, th' Angels, the Saints ascend the skies.
 All Roman triumphs were but silly toyes,
 Or rather gaudy feasting of Schoole-boyes.
 Compar'd to this, where Christ the King of Kings,
 With him his captives, yet all conquerors brings,
 Into the eternall Citie. (All had bin,
 Made slaves to death, and Hell, and both by sin;)
 (They were enfranchiz'd by his precious blood,
 On Golgoth shed, from this base servitude.
 And fighting battailes of the God of hosts,
 Subdu'd the world, the flesh, infernall Ghosts.)
 For though the blessed Saints shall alwayes play,
 (Their life being one continued Holie-day.)
 Yet shall their first ascent more glorious be,

Acts 5.

Psal. 125.

Dan. 2.

And

And solemniz'd with more festivitie.
The Hierarchies of Angels will attend,
And entertaine obsequiously their friend,
And fellow-sharer Man, leading the way,
And as they mount, sing hymns, and sweetly play.
What a magnifiquè spectacle shall be
To behold every distinct Hierarchie,
March in array, as if they went to win
A battaile, or some Citadel take in.
These Squadrons marching: of hyacinthine clouds,
A stately Chariot made great Jesus shrowdes,
And such his grandeur is, his beautie such,
Angels of viewing him have nere too much.
For now the glory of his soule, (which he
Injoy'd even in this vaile of misery)
Reflecting on his comely face a light,
Shall make it then the Sun (at Noone) more bright.
The Angels gone before, the Saints shall follow,
And Epinician acclamations hollow.
Apostles, Martyrs, (their fronts crown'd with bayes,
Shall blithly chaunt their grand Commanders praise.
The Patriarchs, Prophets, Doctors, Maides conspire,
With choicest voyces to make up the Quire.
Roses at every passage, as they goe,
And Violets on Jesus head they throw:
As if the welkin now turn'd Aprill Spring,
Would pay the latest tribute to its King.
The Airie Regions eccho in the eares,
Of our Musicians, what th^e harmonious Spheres
Sweetly deliver; melodie of Lutes,
Viols, Theorbos, Clarions, Trumpets, Flutes.

This glorious sight so wondrously shall scare,
The Sun, the Moone, and every lesser Star,
That all the glittering Tapers, which cause day
And night, amaz'd perpetually shall stay
In the same Zenith; no more shoot their beames,
By winding motions of their Orbed Temes.
Hoping (although such hopes will be in vaine,)
They shall behold the selfe same show againe.

1 Pet. 1.

*The conditi-
on of this
World af-
ter the day of
judgement.*

Apoc. 10.

To the truly Noble, and Virtuous Lady, *Honorie*, Marchi-
oness of Winchester.

In Sermonem Quintum.



Hy did God labour when he made the Court
Of Heaven so glorious? wherefore in such sort
Did he adorne it? wherefore take a mold,
Better then this terrestriall we behold,
For the Materiall? furnish it with light,
Of all the scattered Tapers of the night,
And that eternall Torch the Sun? let's breake
Into Gods Cabinet councill, and then speake
Freely our sense. He meant a house to make,
For th' Angels and blest Saints, and for their sake,
Mansions prepare with all magnificence,
To please the eye, and pleasure every sense.

And may we not imagine that God aym'd
At the same end? when with such Art he fram'd,
Your beaurious selfe, proportion'd limbs, a face
Most amiable, and a peculiar grace,
In all your actions. Did God idely take
Such paines in the composure? No; hee'd make
A curious Palace for a spirit divine,
Which seriously should emulate the Nine
Orders of Angels, and as they doe move,
In the same Orbe of a Seraphick Love.
A sumptuous Court to entertaine a Soule,
That mounting to its Centre, should controule,
Terrene affections: As you firmly stand,
When Apostatick Scenes through the whole Land,
Are dayly acted; and ith' gloomie night,
Of more then Decian Tempests shine more bright.
(Though Noahs streames to th' multitude prov'd graves,
Yet like his Arke, You're raise'd to Heaven by waves,)
And we dare say, not idolizing You,
Nor flattering, but with confidence what's true,
GOD fram'd your specious Outside, and ordain'd,
A fairer Soule should in't be entertain'd.
Which guiding for a while, that ordred Sphere,
Should afterwards ascend to Heaven, and there,
Fixt a bright Constellation with your rayes,
Direct our Ladies in their nobler wayes.



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